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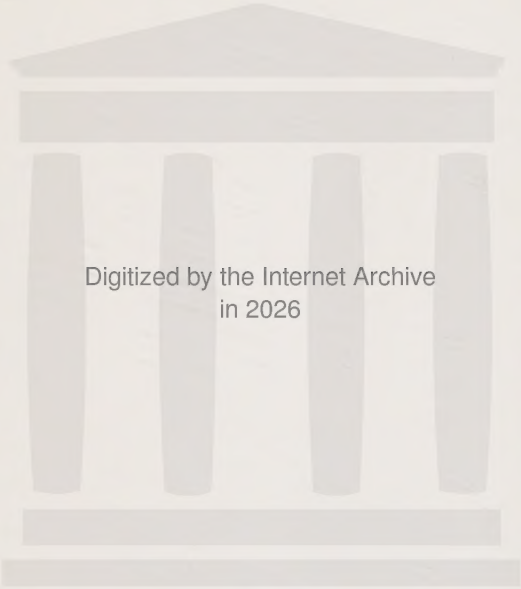
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# THE MIND BEHIND THE UNIVERSE

## A Book of Faith for the Modern Mind

BY

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DEDICATED TO

GEORGE MATHER FORBES

for more than forty years a teacher of Philosophy in the University of Rochester; a constant inspiration and help to thousands of students; builder of a great temple not made with hands, whose stones are human souls; a building not "seen and temporal," but "unseen and eternal," which shall be a beautiful structure in the eyes of the great God who made us all.

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# CONTENTS


| | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| | FOREWORD . . . . . | ix |
| CHAPTER | | |
| I | THE SELF . . . . . | 3 |
| II | HOW THE SELF THINKS . . . | 9 |
| III | LAW . . . . . | 21 |
| IV | THE MIND BEHIND THE UNIVERSE . | 41 |
| V | MIND MEANS PERSONALITY . . . | 55 |
| VI | MY RELATION TO THE MIND BEHIND THE UNIVERSE . . . . . | 67 |
| VII | MY RELATION TO THE MIND BEHIND THE UNIVERSE (*continued*) . . | 83 |
| VIII | WHAT DOES THE SUPREME MIND PURPOSE? . . . . . | 103 |
| IX | THE WORLD HERE . . . . | 115 |
| X | THE WORLD HEREAFTER . . . | 135 |
| XI | TWO IMPORTANT QUESTIONS . . | 167 |
| XII | IS CHRISTIANITY THE BEST RELIGION? | 183 |

# FOREWORD

THIS is not a book primarily for professional philosophers. Rather, it is intended for the "general reader"; hence I have been at extraordinary pains to keep the language untechnical. Such professed philosophers as may read it will be inclined to despise it as too simple; few, probably, will agree with it, notably the Materialists and the Neo-Realists;—but then, I do not agree with them! And, anyway, Seneca sagaciously observed that philosophers are about as likely to agree as clocks.

Here, then, are offered to the "Plain Man" the reflections of a plain man not a professional philosopher, about what is, after all, the chief focus of our human thinking—the problem of the existence or the non-existence of a Personal God.

Upon one's solution of that problem—whether one's answer prove to be Yea or Nay—depends inevitably one's whole "world-view."

My own conviction has here patiently been made clear, and my own resulting "world-view." But I cannot say too earnestly that I have no wish to be dogmatic, to force my conclusions on any other person, or to proselytize. I have but endeavored to face honestly a great and pressing problem, to think my way through it with such sweet reasonableness as I could command, and to set down my thought-processes and my conclusions simply and fairly, in the hope that they may be of help to others who are troubled by the same problem.

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## CHAPTER I

### THE SELF

IT WILL be fairest if we begin by doubting everything. There is among men such an infinite variety of beliefs on every conceivable subject that any kind of agreement may seem hopeless. The orthodox Christian believes firmly in a God, although too often he would be unable to define that God or to prove his existence; the scientist quite frequently sees no room in the universe for any God at all. The Mohammedan believes it is perfectly right and moral to have several wives; the Euro-

pean that only one is proper. And so, all over the world, men differ fundamentally on basic questions.

Let us, then, be perfectly frank, and begin by doubting *everything*. Is there a God? I doubt it. Is this apparently real world about me actually here, or is it a mere illusion? It may seem to be a real world; but I doubt it. Is there such a thing as the soul? Many men have taught that there is; but I doubt it. Are the doctrines and teachings of the Christian Church all correct and authoritative? Some persons believe that they are; but I doubt them. Do *you* exist? Probably you think you do; but I doubt it. The Pope himself may assure me earnestly that God does exist; but I have a perfect right to feel that the Pope is biased and has prejudged the question, so that I shall beg leave to doubt his assertion. A clergyman solemnly explains to me that there is a

Hell, and seems to know a good deal about its grisly furnishings; but I do not propose to accept his statement merely because he is a clergyman; no, not even when he tells me it is a mystery that I cannot hope to understand. The capitalist affirms vehemently that Labor is all wrong; and the laborer is equally certain that Capital is entirely at fault in the industrial world. I propose not to believe either of them. The business man informs me that "competition is the life of trade." Well, I doubt that, and would suggest cooperation in its stead. The ardent prohibitionist assures me that teetotalism is best for the country, but I doubt it. Or the one-time brewer claims that men are better off when they have at least beer and light wines to drink. Still, I doubt it. And so I may run through in my mind all the positive statements and all the dogmatic assertions I have ever heard made about any and every subject in the

world; and still my honest reply must be, "I doubt it."

Well, now I have fearlessly and honestly doubted everything, have left, apparently, no solid ground under my feet at all. But *have* I doubted *everything?* No, there is one thing left that I *cannot* doubt. And what is that? Why, *I cannot doubt that I doubt!* When I say, "I doubt this," or "I doubt that," or even when I assert, "I doubt everything," *somebody is doing the doubting, and that somebody must be I.* Who else could it be? *I* must have a real existence, or I could not doubt anything, or everything. Universal skepticism is a contradiction in terms, as Descartes pointed out. Though I doubt everything else in the wide universe, one thing I must hold to, and that is: *my own conscious existence. I exist;* my ego, my personality, is a real thing, a true fact, and nobody can ever shake my faith in that. Here, then, how-

ever inexplicable or bewildering the universe may be, howsoever individuals may honestly differ about a thousand fundamental questions, here, I say, is the one thing I cannot doubt, the one solid fact on which I can take a firm and unshakable stand. Not all the most marvelous discoveries of Science for the next million years can ever persuade me that I do not exist. Nay, my very recognition and my intelligent understanding of these discoveries will be proof positive of my existence as a rational and intelligent mind.

Let us take this one fact, then: that each one of us, while doubting everything else in the whole universe, cannot possibly doubt his own existence as a conscious, thinking ego or self; and let us use it as the solid ground on which we can take our stand unshakably, and as the starting point for our further discussion.

## CHAPTER II

### HOW THE SELF THINKS

WE start, then, with the proposition that each of us has a consciousness of which he is immediately aware without help from any outside source, a soul or self or ego that thinks. But *how* does this self think? It is the province of the fascinating science of Psychology to study and correlate all the various physical phenomena of the thought-processes; and into that complex problem of nerve-centers and motor-reactions we shall not enter here. It is not so much the process of thinking as it is the content of the thought that interests us at this point.

In all our thinking we are, of course, trying to arrive at sound conclusions, at

facts, at the truth. But, as we saw earlier, men differ profoundly as to what the truth is. The ignorant peasant believes implicitly in an inherited and an unquestioned superstition which to the scientist is the merest silly hocus-pocus. That, however, is a matter of education, of less or more knowledge of facts. We must look deeper.

Truths—all the *true* propositions in the universe—are of two kinds, which have been appropriately named Contingent and Necessary truths. A contingent truth is one which is true *so far as we know at the moment;* in the light, that is, of all the facts which we have to date, it appears to hold good. But *only in the light of the facts we have at present.* New facts may be discovered any day that will disprove the proposition. Virtually all the truths of Science are such contingent truths. For example, until very recently, most scientists held to the atomic view of matter, namely,

that all matter is composed ultimately of minute, indivisible, indestructible atoms; it was a hypothesis, a working theory, which for long fitted the known facts and seemed to explain satisfactorily all the phenomena of matter with which Science was familiar. But a host of amazing new discoveries in Chemistry and Physics has made it necessary to modify the atomic theory; for we now know that the atom *can* be divided, that it is not the smallest possible particle of matter, but is made up of *protons* and *electrons*, with perhaps a nucleus. In other words, the atomic theory was a contingent truth, useful while the facts supported it, but discarded or modified as soon as certain new facts that invalidated it came to light.

The chief thing to note about a contingent truth is that its opposite is entirely thinkable. Matter *seemed* to be composed of atoms; but, even before protons and

electrons were discovered, it was quite thinkable that matter was *not* composed of atoms; there was nothing irrational in supposing that some totally different explanation might be found when we knew more facts. This is typical of practically all scientific truths,—that their opposite is not necessarily irrational; they are merely tentative theories, to be maintained as true only so long as the known facts support them. And we may say the same of the apparently changeless laws that underlie Science, such as the law of gravitation, the law of the indestructibility of matter, and many others. There is nothing *unthinkable* about supposing that matter may be destructible, although, to be sure, all known facts point as yet to the truth of the law. The fact is that, while matter gives to date every evidence of being indestructible throughout all its manifold changes, yet it is entirely possible and rational to imagine a

universe wherein matter could be destroyed, absolutely wiped out of existence, and then replaced from some inexhaustible source of supply. That, apparently, is not the way it is done in our universe, but it is none the less a perfectly thinkable method; the thing might quite conceivably have worked another way. Contingent truths, then, are those which are properly called truths because all known facts up to the present support them; but whose opposite is entirely thinkable.

But it is far otherwise with necessary truths. The opposite of these is entirely unthinkable to the rational mind. Plato made a very sound remark when he stated that, in the end, the truth *must be the same for all rational consciousnesses.* It is not irrational to argue that, in a differently constructed universe, matter might be destructible. But it *is* irrational to argue that in a differently constructed universe parallel

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lines might meet. Parallel lines, by definition, are lines that do not meet, however far they may be extended; if they meet anywhere in the universe, or in infinity (as the mathematicians maintain), they simply cease to be parallel lines. Either they meet or they do not meet; no third course is open to them. If they do not meet, then they are parallel; if they do meet, they merely cease to be parallel.

This is a fair example of a necessary truth, one whose opposite is unthinkable and meaningless to the rational mind; and it is an illustration of one of the basic laws of our thinking, called the Law of Contradiction. This pencil of mine is yellow. Suppose we divide all possible colors into two groups, yellow and not-yellow (including under the second term all possible and conceivable colors except yellow). Now I may properly say, "This pencil is either yellow or not-yellow." In the field of

color, there is no third possibility open to the pencil; either it is yellow, or it is not. This is a necessary truth. But no one can *prove* it!

It is, as we have just observed, not irrational or meaningless to imagine a universe so planned and ordered that its matter would be destructible, although in our universe it seems to be indestructible. But it is wholly irrational, totally unthinkable, to imagine a universe so constructed and ordered that in it matter could be destructible and indestructible at the same time, or a given pencil yellow and not-yellow at the same time, or a certain proposition be true and false at the same time, or darkness be precisely the same as light. Either a given proposition is true, or it is not true, i.e., false; it cannot in any imaginable universe which is rational be both true and false at the same time, for such a statement simply means nothing at all. In no rational world could

two and two make four and, *at the same time*, make five. In other words, the opposite of the Law of Contradiction, like the opposite of every other necessary truth, is quite unthinkable—means simply nothing. We call any one who violates the Law, who, for example, maintains that darkness is the same as light and truth the same as falsehood, a lunatic; we say, and with perfect right, that he is irrational.

It is characteristic of the necessary truths that we cannot *prove* a single one of them; they are in no case capable of a convincing demonstration as a theorem in geometry is. The only positive thing we can say about them is, that their opposites are unthinkable and meaningless. And yet every rational mind at once perceives them as unshakable truths. Another of these necessary truths is the Law of Causality, namely, that the same cause will always produce the same effect. We cannot prove this, obvi-

ously; but its opposite is unthinkable. A universe in which a given cause would produce one effect on Monday, a different one on Tuesday, still a third on Wednesday, and so on indefinitely, is to the rational mind totally unimaginable; it would be an utterly meaningless universe, not ever to be grasped or understood by logical and rational thought at all.

It is also characteristic of these necessary truths that, while we cannot hope ever to prove them, we cannot even begin to think without accepting them. The scientist prefers not to *assume* anything; he stoutly maintains that he deals with facts and with facts only, that he never bothers himself about the dream-spinnings of the philosopher or the metaphysician. And yet the scientist too often needs to be shown that he cannot even think about these "facts" or put them in their proper order unless he *assumes* that his thought-processes

are correct, a proposition which he can never hope to prove. He must *assume*, also, that his sense-impressions, if he is "normal," are correct; and, finally, he must *assume* that he can pass validly from a few instances to *all* instances—what is called the Inductive Method of thinking, which, forever incapable of positive demonstration, is at the very root of all Science.

Yet no single one of these assumptions of the scientist is in any way capable of demonstration as *true*. The scientist cannot even *begin* his investigations until he has tacitly given in his adherence to these truths, whether he likes to admit it or not. (Usually he does not!) He cannot even begin to think, unless he *assumes* that, as a rational and an intelligent human being, he *thinks straight*, and so is justified in maintaining his conclusions against all comers. He cannot conceivably defend his conclusions against à lunatic except upon his *as-*

*sumption* that he is right and the lunatic is wrong.

These necessary truths, then, are the very foundation stones of all our thinking, whether we recognize it or not, and whether we be scientists or philosophers or business men or mechanics. Not even a possible and conjectural "Mind Behind the Universe" can violate these necessary laws of thought, provided that Mind is to retain any power of rational thinking; indeed, these necessary truths *are* rationality, and a violation of them, such as maintaining that black can be white and yet black at the same time, is the sheerest nonsense. To maintain that a Rational Mind could construct an irrational universe, one in which necessary truths were constantly violated, is simply to say that that Rational Mind is irrational, is to say that my pencil is blue and yellow at the same time, clearly, a violation of the Law of Contradiction.

These necessary truths, then, together with the countless contingent truths we already know, make up all the furniture of our minds. Let us now, since we have spoken of *laws* of thought, see precisely what we mean by Law.

## CHAPTER III

### LAW

THERE are a great many words which we all use constantly without in most cases stopping to think precisely what we mean by them. *Space* is one of these words; *Time* is another. Can you define Space and Time accurately, even after careful thought? Probably not; and yet you have used both words thousands of times. Similarly, the word *Law* is often on our lips, but very few of us have ever exactly defined it to ourselves.

Take, for example, any of our Codes of Law, civil, criminal, ecclesiastical. What do they represent? They are vast collections of systematized decisions by judges upon countless questions and disputes that

have arisen between contesting parties. So and so many like disputes have been brought together, their common points sifted out, and a ruling, or *Law*, established to serve as a precedent or guide to later judges for settling similar disputes in the future.

Or, consider the various laws constantly being made by our legislative bodies, such as Congress. Here, commonly, the aim is to remove a certain abuse, such as Child Labor, or to enforce a definite course of action upon the railroads or the bankers or the trusts. In each instance the situation has been gone over—more or less!—thoroughly by the legislators, the general points or principles summed up in systematic fashion, and a course of procedure for the future, *thus and thus shall you do*, specifically laid down.

But each of these instances is an example of what? Well, of how the *mind* of the

judge or the collective *minds* of the legislators have worked; Law is always a revelation of some mind's reaction to a problem. But it may be objected that the instances chosen above are too obviously illustrations of human mental action, and thus beg the question, so let us look at what we call a Law of Nature, where interference by a human mind cannot possibly enter in. Hundreds of these Laws of Nature are known to Science, such as the Law of Gravitation, for example; but the most convincing that could be cited are the well known laws governing Crystallization.

Here is a liquid in which certain salts have been dissolved in such quantities that the liquid can take up no more, for it has reached its limit of assimilation; and we have what the chemist calls a "saturated solution." For a long time more and more salts have been added; the liquid has continued to dissolve them, but with increas-

ing slowness; finally the saturation point is reached, the liquid simply cannot take up any more salts, and with magical suddenness a quite new reaction occurs. Where we saw a beaker filled with a clear liquid, we now, as if a potent magician had waved his wand, see a beaker filled with exquisitely and perfectly formed crystals, *all alike in shape!* What was a liquid has become a collection of solids! A savage uninstructed in chemistry would call it a miracle; we say it is merely an illustration of the Law of Crystallization. What do we mean by that "explanation"? What has really happened? What do we mean by Law?

Obviously, if a liquid has become a solid, every individual atom of the original liquid must have undergone a radical change. Every atom has at the very least changed its place and taken up a new position; probably, too, it has changed its shape,

and, therefore, its entire construction and nature; at any rate, it is not *where* it was before, nor *what* it was before, else we should still have the original liquid. But what is inevitably implied when we say that a given atom has changed its place, has moved to a new position?

Suppose *you* wish to change your position in space, to cross the room, for example. Can you just vaguely *move?* There is no use in your going to the door of your bedroom if you wish to get to the door of your kitchen! There is no good in your running south in a relay race if you should go north! No, you cannot move until you have done three things: (1) you imagine or foresee the new position; (2) you choose your path, determining to go north instead of south, for instance; (3) you exert your will to move, and so go along the chosen path to the foreseen goal. And, moreover, you cannot move forever; you must know

*when* and *where* to stop, you must know when you have reached the desired goal. Just try to walk across the room, and you will at once see that, before you can take a single step, you must (1) *know the goal,* (2) *choose your path,* and (3) *stop when you arrive,*—or else go on like the Wandering Jew through all time. And the point is that *you must know all this before you can take a single step.*

Perhaps you have seen the marionettes, or a Punch and Judy show. Do the wooden puppets, when they move, go through all these three absolutely essential mental processes before moving? No, they are only wooden figures without minds; it is the mind of the manipulator of their strings who decides where the doll shall move to, by what path it shall go, and when it shall stop. *But some mind must see that before there can be any movement at all.* If I have made you see clearly that, before a

piece of matter can move an inch, some *mind* must know the goal, must choose the path, and must cause the motion by an act of will, I have made my point.

Now, what has happened in the case of the liquid that has crystallized? Every single atom of the original liquid has of necessity changed its position and its form, has moved to a new place and taken a new shape. And that each atom has moved properly and unhesitatingly to the correct position and stopped there, is proved by the well-established fact that one kind of salt *always* produces a hexagonal crystal, another a pentagonal, and so on; so that chemists now know precisely what kind of crystal a certain salt will *always* make. A given salt, that is, does not produce hexagonal crystals on Monday and pentagonal crystals on Tuesday, but *always the same kind of crystals;* so that the chemists have set up, quite justifiably, what they call the Law of

Crystallization; that is, a given salt will always produce the same shaped crystals.

What does this "Natural Law" mean, then? Do the individual atoms of the original liquid *think?* Not any more than the marionettes. Do these atoms of matter perform the three mental processes *necessary* before matter can move? Do they foresee the goal, choose the path, and initiate that action or movement by their will? I believe not. Or is their movement due, perhaps, to "chance"? No, because they *always* follow the same course, which eliminates "chance" at once. Before they can move at all, *some mind* has foreseen the goal, has chosen the path thereto, and has by an effort of will initiated the movement. The atoms clearly have no mind; the experimenter in the chemistry laboratory clearly has not foreseen the goal—indeed, he wonders at the beginning of his experiments what that goal will be—nor has he

chosen the path nor yet initiated the movement by his will; he only observes what happens and records it faithfully. And having for a thousand times observed the action of a given salt in a saturated solution, he finally draws the conclusion that that particular salt in a saturated solution will *always* form such and such crystals; and announces to the scientific world that he has discovered the *law* for the crystallization of that salt. But that is a pure assumption; he has no right to say that on the one thousand and first time it will *not* work!

Matter, then, cannot move without being preceded by the action of some mind, which foresees the goal, chooses the path to that goal, and initiates the movement by its will. In the crystallization of a given salt, it is not the *mind* of the atoms which goes through these processes, for matter has clearly no mind; it is not "chance," for the

same action always takes place; it is not the mind of the observer in the laboratory, for he merely records what he sees, not knowing at the beginning of his tests what he is going to see; whose mind is left? Moreover, these crystallizations took place millions of times before man was created, in ancient geological eras when there was as yet no human mind in existence to observe the reactions. Yet the scientific observer dogmatically,—and quite reasonably,—asserts that he has discovered the *law* by virtue of which a certain salt will *always* act in a certain way and *always* form a certain unvarying shape of crystals.

And behind this *Law* we find, as we always must find back of any law, *MIND*. Law, whether in the world of Nature or of Man or of Matter, always presupposes a mind at work; the "Natural Law" of the scientist is but the formulation of how some

mind is working; it is always a revelation of some mind's reaction to a problem.

But Law itself is a mere abstraction, a pure idea. No one has ever seen Law or touched it or heard it, or ever will; it is what we call a *concept*, a general term under which are included all the specific and particular laws imaginable. Nor has any one ever seen or heard or touched a specific law; it is something which can be grasped not by the senses, but only by the mind. And why is that so? Because *law is purely the product of mind.* A law is merely the formulation of how an individual mind or a group of minds has reacted to and dealt with a given problem. Can you put any other rational meaning into Law? For myself, at least, I cannot, possibly. Law, or *a* law, is always a revelation of mind at work. Does matter make laws? No, matter obeys laws. What conceivable agency in the universe other than mind can formulate a law,

or even discover one formulated already by another mind? Obviously, none. Law, then, wherever we find it, among nations, in a local community, even in Nature, can be nothing except a formulation of how *some* intelligence has been at work, a revelation of Mind.

I have spoken of law "in Nature." It is primarily the province of the scientist to study the "natural" physical world about us, our material environment, and to come to certain conclusions. For what is the scientist, whether he be zoologist, botanist, geologist, chemist, or psychologist, always searching? What is the thing *all* Science seeks to discover? Nothing but *Law*. The chemist, for example, attacks a problem involving the reactions of certain salts. What he wants to know is *how* they behave in the presence of certain other chemical substances. Does he expect them to react in one way on one day of the week and in a

different way another day? No, he is seeking to discover their *habitual* reaction, the way in which they *always* react. After countless patient and carefully controlled experiments he comes to the conclusion that the given substance, under certain known conditions, will *always* react in a certain known manner; and he says he has discovered a Law.

All Science, everywhere, is seeking to reveal Law; scientists are constantly trying to reduce all the various phenomena of the physical world to an ordered and classified system, called *Law*. The whole of Science, indeed, may be reduced to a quite simple formula: $x + y = z$. That is, given a certain chemical substance, x; and certain definite conditions, such as the proper temperature, the presence of a particular reagent, and so forth, which taken together are represented by y; and the result will *always* be z, and *never any other result.* Gradually,

as Science makes its amazing progress, we are coming to understand more and more of the laws that govern the physical, material universe about us. Certain phenomena, to be sure, we do not yet clearly understand; but that is because they have either not yet been studied sufficiently or else not systematically observed at all, and so they are not yet reduced in our minds to order; that is, the laws that govern them are still unknown to us. A hundred years ago the capricious electrical phenomena that occurred seemed miraculous; to-day, although we do not yet know precisely *what* electricity is, we still know many of the laws which it obeys, and the miraculous element has vanished. Instead, we now provide the proper conditions and secure the desired result of making the wonderful current work for us, so that from a single ordinary house-plug we get light, heat, and a breeze.

Man's conquest of Nature has progressed precisely in proportion as he has discovered the *laws* underlying natural phenomena and made an intelligent use of those laws. The main function of Science is to discover those laws and to make them available for our use. And we have already seen that, wherever we find Law, we have found evidence that an Intelligence is at work, that Law can be nothing but a revelation of Mind.

As Science progresses by leaps and bounds, it becomes increasingly evident that the entire universe is governed by Law. But it must be equally clear that, while man may and does discover these laws and use them for his own advantage, man did not *make* these laws in the beginning, nor can man disobey them with impunity. We may know how to send a high-voltage current through a third rail and make it drive our trains, but we may not disobey the laws under which it works without paying the

penalty. Touch the third rail, however innocently, and you die! Science proves the whole material universe to be governed by law; these laws, while discovered by man, were clearly not made by man; for certainly no human being could possibly plan the illimitable stellar universe, much less keep it going. And yet that stellar universe, of unimaginable vastness, is, at every point which we have so far observed, also governed by law. But Law is a revelation of mental processes, of Mind; and Natural Law is a manifestation of a Mind inconceivably greater than man's. If you are inclined to doubt this, read the indisputable record enshrined for us in the mighty rocks, a record which *proves* that, incalculable ages before Man appeared on this planet, great Natural Laws were in operation. Man was as yet non-existent; therefore, he clearly did not make the laws that shaped this planet, governed it by gravitation,

formed its mountains and valleys, seas, and rivers, and produced the earliest forms of life.

Or, now that man is in existence, will any person care to maintain that *homo sapiens* created or formulated or initiated or now sustains any of the laws that govern the great stellar universe outside of our own relatively insignificant solar system? Our astronomers can predict an eclipse within a fraction of a minute; but no human being formulated the laws which bring two heavenly bodies into a certain spatial relation at stated intervals. Those eclipses would go calmly on in regular and methodical progression if every human being were suddenly wiped out of existence, as they went methodically on long before man existed.

All these phenomena, as we study them now, we see are governed by rigid laws, many of which we have discovered and to-day use for our own purposes. But these

laws, operating smoothly and inevitably so many ages before we appeared, were, like all laws, revealers of an intelligence, of a mind, at work, a mind, too, inconceivably greater than the human mind. Can there be any other explanation of these laws? None, except chance, which is to say, lack of purpose or aim or intelligence. Either these great astronomical and stellar movements take place by Chance—that is, capriciously, unpredictably, varyingly, illogically—or else in accordance with a definite, logical, well-knit plan—that is, by Law.

It will not be irrelevant to introduce here the example Thomas Huxley gave, to illustrate the difference between Chance and Law. Said Huxley: "If I throw two dice, and they turn up double-sixes, I call it Chance. If I throw the same two dice again, and they turn up double-sixes, I say, 'What good luck!' If I throw the same two dice a third time, and they still turn up double-sixes, I say, 'Oh! now I understand,

these dice are loaded; and, knowing, as I do, the Laws underlying the movements of physical matter, I can predict exactly how they will fall. It's a sure bet, every time.' "

We need not go to the book of Genesis to learn that God created the heavens and the earth and all that in them is; the great world of Nature is overwhelming evidence of the fact. Either the universe is run by Law, or it is not—another example of the Law of Contradiction. *All* the evidence goes to show that it is everywhere, in the upheaval of a mighty mountain as in the birth of the tiniest gnat, governed by Law; and Law *means* Mind,—never anything else. Not the most cynical or materialistic or atheistic scientist can deny that.

If, then, we discover Mind back of all the physical, material universe, governing and ordering all natural phenomena, we must next go on to inquire how that mind works, and what we human beings can perhaps know about it.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE MIND BEHIND THE UNIVERSE

WE have seen that the whole physical universe is governed in its largest as in its smallest parts by Law; and we should be clear by now that Law is a revelation of rational intelligence or Mind at work, and that the Mind Behind the Universe is infinitely greater than the human mind. So vastly greater is it, indeed, that many thinkers have held that mere man can never hope to know anything whatever about it. The mind of God, they say in effect, is so awful, so inconceivably immense and far-reaching, that we poor human worms must not venture even to speculate about it. Others have maintained that the mind of God is a deep mystery and that we

are obviously not meant to probe its profound abysses; they even go so far as to say that it is profanation and sacrilege to make the attempt.

But are these views correct? Can we know *nothing* about the Mind Behind the Universe? What is every scientist in the world doing but seeking and discovering *Law?* And what are the laws he finds, save revelations of the great superhuman Mind that planned and now sustains the universe? Scientists must be the most sacrilegious of all men, if the views I have quoted above are true; they must be, as Mr. Wm. J. Bryan would have had us believe, diabolically working in direct disobedience to God's express command! And yet it seems scarcely likely that the Mind behind the Universe should have put all the evidence before us and given us minds capable of studying this evidence, unless we were deliberately meant so to use those minds.

What are our minds for, if not to be used? What can we possibly do with our minds, except *think?* At any rate, let us use them now to see what, if anything, we can discover about the workings of the Mind Behind the Universe.

How do I know that *you* have a mind? I never see your mind, or hear it, or touch it. I may see your brain, perhaps, but never your mind, or the thoughts in it. I have immediate, direct experience, as we saw in the first chapter, of my own mind; and on the basis of that experience I *infer* the existence of your mind. I have a clear right to do this, because I know my own logical processes directly, I know how I am convinced by sound argument, I know I can cooperate with the suggestions of other minds. Consequently, when I observe in you similar logical processes, a like ability to understand and cooperate, I am entirely justified in inferring that you have

a mind which works as mine does. Indeed, no other inference is logically possible.

My direct knowledge of your mind comes, of course, through my senses. I hear you speak, I read what you have written, I see you act; we communicate by means of symbols called words, signs to which we have given an arbitrary meaning, on which we have commonly agreed; and these signs are expressed by means of spoken words or explosions of the breath, or else through the agency of written or printed symbols which represent to the eye the spoken sounds. Even deaf and dumb persons communicate by a system of gestures of the hands, and the blind read by means of raised points.

But, however we convey our ideas one to another, we must always have something in common in our experience if we are to understand one another. Suppose an explorer returns from the heart of Central Africa,

from a point to which no civilized man has ever before penetrated, and says to me: "There in Africa I saw a most beautiful and wonderful object." "What was it like?" I ask. "Like nothing I ever saw before." "What color was it?" "No color known to me before, anywhere." "Well, what shape was it?" "I never saw such a shape before." "What did it feel like?" "I never felt anything at all like it in all my life before." Do you see how, although we are both using *words,* commonly accepted symbols to express universal experiences, we could never understand each other, how he could not possibly convey to me any idea of this mysterious object? To communicate, then, we must, as the very word *communicate* implies, have a *common experience.* If I understand you at all, it is because your words or gestures suggest experiences I have already had.

Let us take still another example. How

are you able to read and understand this book? It is, primarily, because your mind works as mine does, follows the same laws of logical thinking. A book is a queer thing—strange, cabalistic black marks strung all over the white page—a mere meaningless pattern to one who cannot read, but intelligible to you. *Why* intelligible? Because, as I say, your mind and mine work according to the same principles of logical thought. Suppose I set down here what the logicians call a *syllogism:* "All men are bipeds. This is a man. Therefore, this man is a biped." You understand the words, the symbols, at once; but, more important still, you *follow the argument.* You cannot escape the conclusion, twist or turn as you will. This man *must* be a biped. You have understood my words and you have followed my argument and you say: "Yes, the conclusion is sound." That is because you and I, being rational per-

sons, are driven by the same force of logical *necessity;* given the correct premisses, the conclusion *must* follow. And our agreement proves us both to be rational persons.

But suppose a lunatic writes a book. He uses the same words from the same dictionary that you and I use; he gets them printed in black ink on white paper, and the book neatly bound, as you and I do. But there is something very queer about this book; you and I read and understand the meanings of the separate words, but we do not understand how he has put the words together; *we do not follow his argument.* He may have set down what seems to him a wholly convincing syllogism, such as this: "All men are bipeds. This is a loaf of bread. Therefore, all monkeys have long tails." The lunatic author will be entirely satisfied with both the premisses and the conclusion; but you and I are not only not satisfied, not convinced, by his argument;

we cannot even understand it; it is wholly meaningless for us. *Why?* And why do we unhesitatingly say, "The author of this book is crazy?" Simply because the writer does not follow the same principles of logical reasoning that you and I follow. He has used the same *words* that we might have employed, *but not the same logic.* Therefore, his book is unintelligible, meaningless. The condition, then, of your being able to read and understand this book of mine (whether you agree with it or not) is that your mind and mine acknowledge the same laws of logical thinking. On any other terms you could make neither head nor tail of anything that is set down here. Not only can rational persons never understand or be convinced by a lunatic's thought-processes, but no two lunatics can ever understand each other. It is the test of what we call rationality that we all obey the same laws of thought; and I have al-

ready pointed out that these laws of thought are all *necessary* truths, incapable of demonstration, but lying at the very roots of our thinking, so fundamental, indeed, that we cannot even begin to think without accepting them.

Suppose, now, we regard the material world about us as a vast book—not an unfair analogy. Science is forever trying to read that book, always seeking to discover Law. Science does discover Law, at every point, and we have seen that Law *means* Mind. Science has already puzzled out several of the earlier, more elementary chapters of the book of Nature. And Science *finds them perfectly intelligible!* Oh, we have many, many chapters of the great book yet to spell out painfully; we are barely at the beginning of the volume; but, so far as we have gone, *we understand it.* Do you see the inevitable implication of this fact? What is the condition essen-

tial to my understanding a speech or a written record? Simply that the author's mind and mine follow the same laws of logical thinking. What is the condition essential to my understanding the record written in all Nature? Simply that the author's mind and mine follow the same laws of logical thinking. We both subscribe to the Law of Contradiction, we both depend on the Law of Causality, and on all the other laws of thought, the Necessary Truths. On no other possible terms could the natural world about me have any intelligible meaning for me.

Back of all natural phenomena, then, we find Law; Law is a revelation of Mind; and I can understand the natural world simply and solely because the Mind that planned it and keeps it going follows the same principles of logical thinking that my own mind obeys. On any other hypothesis, the universe is meaningless.

But what does it mean to say that the Mind Behind the Universe and my mind work alike? Not, of course, that I know everything which that Mind does, or that I can even grasp much of what it knows. But in so far as I can apprehend any of its thoughts, as they are expressed in the physical universe, I can understand them. I cannot, for example, conceive of a proposition being true and false at the same time, because that does not mean anything. Then, neither can the Mind Behind the Universe conceive of it. To violate the Law of Contradiction is, for me, to commit intellectual suicide, to become irrational. Have I, then, a right to say that that Mind cannot violate the Law of Contradiction or the Law of Causality? Yes, I have, because I know, through my ability to understand the universe in part, that that Mind is governed by the same laws of logical thinking that I obey. These laws are

the very expression of how that Mind Behind the Universe works; they *are*, in a sense, that Mind; and consequently that Mind cannot repudiate the laws, because in so doing it would repudiate itself—a manifest absurdity. If I cannot imagine parallel lines meeting and still remaining parallel (because that would be a contradiction in terms and wholly meaningless), neither can that Mind! Nor can that Mind make a given proposition to be true and false at the same time; it cannot, for example, say, "I exist and yet I do not exist." Is that a limitation upon that Mind? Yes, in a sense; it is limited by its own rationality; it is what it is, and not something else; it cannot violate the laws of logical thinking without destroying itself and becoming a lunatic. If you prefer to regard the Mind Behind the Universe, whether you choose to call it God or Life Force or Cosmic Urge or Spirit or Intelligence, as irrational,

as capricious, as undependable and governed solely by whim and chance impulse, caprice, certainly no one can prevent you from holding to that belief. But it needs no lengthy argument to show that every scrap of evidence we can get together from every available source points to that Mind as being the very essence of what we call Rationality, which cannot deny itself.

We human beings, then, *can* know something about this tremendous Mind that rules the universe; it is not remote and aloof and wholly unintelligible to us, but very near, expressed in every atom of the world about us. And we have a wonderful thing in common with it: *we think alike*, although the Mind obviously thinks in vastly broader and greater terms than we do. And we know that this Mind cannot do anything which is a violation of its own rationality; cannot, for instance, make a lie to be the truth, cannot make parallel lines

meet and still be parallel—without ceasing to be a rational mind.

But we feeble human beings have very little interest in pure intellect; the idea leaves us cold; it is too austere, too remote and lofty, for us to feel any warm, human relationship with it. Are we, then, limited to a mere distant, wondering observation of this Mind's majestic thought-processes, or may we come into some more intimate personal comradeship with it? Can it conceivably have any faintest interest in us mites, or can it possibly need us?

## CHAPTER V

### MIND MEANS PERSONALITY

I HAVE said that we are but little interested in pure intellect, that the idea leaves us cold. We demand something more "human" to enlist our sympathy and interest, and particularly so if our emotions are to be stirred. It may be intellectually interesting and informative to know that back of the universe is a great Mind; but can we feel aught save profound reverence, or trembling respect, perhaps even fear, for that Mind? Can we ever draw near to it with anything like friendly familiarity?

We are all acquainted with the "funny paper" caricatures of the detached and absent-minded college professor, who wanders about an alien world, his immense in-

tellect so focused upon abstruse problems of mathematics or astronomy or philosophy that he is literally not aware of his physical environment. His mind is somewhere else, hence, we dub him "absent-minded." The picture, like all caricatures, has been necessarily overdrawn and exaggerated; for as a matter of stern fact the college professor must be an alert and shrewd manager to make both ends meet to-day with his meager salary. But the point is, that the more an individual tends to become pure intellect, the more does he appear to become depersonalized, to lose what we call his personality.

*Personality* is a word exceedingly difficult to define, because it includes so much; yet we all have a tolerably clear idea of what we mean by it. We mean, so far as human beings are concerned, an individual's presence and bearing, his mannerisms, his point of view, his attitude toward life

and toward his fellow-men, his emotional reactions, his character, his interests, his likes and dislikes,—all the qualities and tendencies that go to make his ego precisely *his,* and not the ego of Tom Jones, or of John Smith, or of anybody else in the wide world save himself. But all these qualities and tendencies, taken separately or all together, are revelations of what? Of the individual's height, or the color of his eyes or hair, or the shape of his nose? Do they depend on whether he is handsome or ugly? No, for the ugliest, most deformed, and repulsive human being may seem to the blind man who has never seen him to have a most beautiful personality. An individual's personality is always a revelation of that individual's intelligence, of his mind, not a manifestation of his merely physical characteristics. There is no doubt, of course, that we can often guess at a stranger's personality by his outward ap-

pearance. If he looks seedy and slovenly and down-at-heels, we may with reasonable assurance deduce that he has a seedy and slovenly mind, for the body, so far as an individual has any control over it after birth, does very often picture forth the self that inhabits it.

But it is clearly not the body, ugly or beautiful, ill-cared-for or well-groomed, that gives us an individual's real self or personality. That we discover by coming to know the individual, by talking with him, learning his views on various important matters and principles, observing his habits, his reactions to the problems of life, determining if he be optimist or pessimist; watching, that is, his *mind* work. And all these qualities, as we discover them and piece them together, give us in the end the idea we have of that individual's personality. What, then, have all these qualities and tendencies finally revealed to us?

What but that individual's Mind, and how it works?

The rational individual, like ourselves, will agree that two and two make four and that a lie cannot be the truth; these are propositions of pure reason on which all rational minds will agree, quite apart from their personal characteristics and tastes, and the agreement merely serves to indicate that the given individuals are rational instead of being lunatics. But pure reason is not personality, nor are human beings, simply because they agree on the "eternal verities," thereby robbed of all personality and rendered identical. If they were all identical, they could not be different persons. If uniformity exists, variety must exist as well, else no one could ever get the idea *uniformity.* The coins struck from the same die in the mint are *alike,* of course, but not *identical;* they are so and so many different coins, each with its own minute

variations. If they were identical, there could be only one coin.

In the same way, while all rational minds agree on the fundamental and indisputable truths, that does not render all these minds identical, but leaves room for endless variety of personal opinion, of individual reaction, of particular emotion. Perhaps I am so fortunate as to have had you agree with me entirely in everything I have said so far in this book; but that does not destroy your personality, nor yet mine. The artist and the manual laborer will both agree that a lie cannot be the truth; but the former will be thrilled to the core of his being by a glorious sunset, to which the latter may be relatively indifferent. And the difference between them, the distinction which marks their different personalities, is the way their respective minds work, or react to the particular stimulus. Personality, then, is a revelation of mind; it cannot

be divorced from mind, but is rather an outward expression of what kind of mind a man has.

But if personality cannot be separated from mind, neither can mind be divorced from personality. *Pure mind* is a meaningless phrase. Mind *means* personality. The Buddhists talk vaguely of a great "Impersonal Intelligence," into which, after the weary circle of existence is completed, the individual soul is gathered, losing its identity as a drop of water does when it is absorbed into the sea. But can you put any possible meaning into the phrase *impersonal intelligence?* Is it not a contradiction in terms? What would be the conceivable meaning of a mind entirely without personality, without a point of view? Obviously, none. Can you imagine any one of your friends, with whose personality you are thoroughly familiar, becoming pure mind, and shedding every vestige of

his ego? No, the phrase means nothing whatever; it is mere words, sheer nonsense. A mind *means* a personality. A rational mind, of course, accepts, in so far as it is familiar with them, all the fundamental truths, and in this is like all other rational minds. But none the less does each mind retain its own particular color of individuality, its own ego, its own characteristic way of looking at debatable questions—in a word, its own *personality*. And that personality is a revelation and a guarantee of the mind behind it. Mind can imply nothing but personality; where you have found a mind, you have inevitably found a personality; the two ideas are absolutely inseparable.

Of course, there are vast differences in personalities. The illiterate Russian peasant, whose whole horizon is bounded by his native village, who knows absolutely nothing of history or literature or science,

who has never read a printed word in his life or talked with an educated person, has a very narrow and limited personality. He knows little or nothing in any conscious way of the "eternal verities," using such as he does inevitably use without in any philosophic sense recognizing them for what they are. Very different and immensely broader and bigger is the personality of the educated and traveled man of the world, who has read widely, been everywhere, finds himself equally at home in London or Bombay or New York, and who can talk intelligently with artists and poets and scientists and business men and philosophers. The latter has had the opportunity to develop and expand his personality, the former has not. Yet each has a definite personality, different from the other's, and in each instance the personality reveals the mind back of it.

Now, if we are convinced that back of all the physical universe is Law, and that Law means Mind, and that Mind means Personality, what are we to think of the Mind Behind the Universe, that more-than-human Mind which reveals itself to us at every point in the universe? Can that be pure intellect, impersonal intelligence? No; as we have seen, these are meaningless phrases. This Supreme Mind spells personality, a personality as immensely broader and more comprehensive, of course, than any human personality as the traveled man of the world is broader and more comprehensive than the illiterate peasant. The peasant may be profoundly ignorant and deluded, but he can guess dimly at and wonder at the personality of the cosmopolite. And in much the same way we human beings, with our finite minds, with our limited horizon, with our merest rudimentary understanding of the universe, can yet grasp

at the vast Mind Behind the Universe that rules all, can dimly and vaguely perceive something of its greatness. And, as I said earlier, we have this wonderful thing in common with that Mind; *we think alike*. Of course, where we know a fragmentary bit of the truth, this Mind probably knows all truth; it thinks in immeasurably vaster terms than we do, but the *thought-processes* are the same.

And this great Mind cannot be impersonal; it *means* personality, a particular, individual ego, with its own personal outlook on the universe. No other theory would be intelligible, either to it or to us. This Mind is a Person, just as much as you are or as I am. It is not merely a vague, remote, aloof, and austere Impersonal Intelligence, riding the storm clouds thunderingly and ruling the great forces of Nature —although it clearly does rule them; but it is also, it *must* be, a real person, a par-

ticular ego, with likes and dislikes, hopes and fears, plans and ambitions, perhaps even knowing failure, as we do. It reveals itself to us not as pure, awful Power, nor yet as pure Intelligence, but as *Personality*. Either Mind means Personality, or it does not—our Law of Contradiction again. Clearly, I think, Mind can mean nothing save Personality. Either the Mind Behind the Universe implies Personality, or it does . ' + And, for myself, I can put no possible . ' g into the phrase "the Mind Behind the Universe"—or, as some prefer to phrase it, "the Supreme or Divine Mind"—except the meaning "the Supreme Personality."

This proposition involves at once the very significant question of the relation which I, as a particular human personality, bear to that Supreme Personality. We must try to solve that problem next.

## CHAPTER VI

### MY RELATION TO THE MIND BEHIND THE UNIVERSE

CAN this inconceivably vast Intellect, that planned and rules the universe, know anything about *me?* Doubtless, it does know of my existence, because my existence as a being that thinks must be at least an infinitesimal part of the great plan. But a far more significant question is, Does it *care* anything about me, has it any interest in me beyond the mere recognition of my existence? Or, below man, has it any interest in the lower animals, the dog, the ant, the microscopic amœba? We may say at once that if I and these are too small and insignificant for the Supreme Mind to know us, that is a limitation on the Supreme

Mind from without it. There would be, in that case, something so very little that the Supreme Mind *could not* know it, and we finite minds should be accusing Infinite Knowledge of ignorance—a manifest absurdity; for either the Supreme Mind knows everything, or it does not. If it does not, if something else knows more than it does, if even I, recognizing my own existence, know more than it does, then it is definitely limited by something outside itself, which knows more than it knows. We must, therefore, immediately raise the question, Is the Mind Behind the Universe omniscient, does it know *everything?*

We cannot do better at this point than to adopt the ingenious argument put forth by the late Josiah Royce of Harvard. Error, he says in effect, exists. To be sure, pure mystics and pure sensualists often deny this, but our common sense admits the point at once. Error *does* exist in this

world, errors of judgment, errors of reasoning, errors of choice, and many more. But, says Professor Royce, if Error exists, there must be somewhere a Truth from which it differs, else it could not be Error; it cannot be wrong, unless there is somewhere a right, which is its opposite. But where do Right and Wrong, Truth and Falsehood, exist? Only in some *mind;* only mind can recognize the two and know their eternal difference; they are not material things, but mental ideas, contents of some consciousness. The existence of Error, then, necessarily implies the existence of a Truth from which it differs; and both imply a Consciousness which is aware of them. But clearly no human being can know *all* errors and *all* truths, because we have finite minds, which by their finiteness are incapable of containing infinity; to know *all* the truth, and to supply the corrective to every possible error inevitably

implies a consciousness that knows everything, implies Omniscience. We are, therefore, driven to the conclusion that there exists in the universe an Omniscient Mind, or Universal Thought, precisely the same conclusion at which we arrived in Chapter III, wherein we approached the problem from a wholly different angle (that of the material world, which we found to be at every point a revelation of Law, and Law in turn to be a manifestation of Mind or Rational Intelligence). So that, by following up two totally different lines of thought, we arrive at the necessary existence of an Omniscient Mind, or Universal Thought, or Infinite Intelligence, or, to use, for convenience henceforth, the briefest and most widely accepted term, GOD.

But while this reasoning may assure us that the Mind Behind the Universe—or, God—*knows* of our existence, it does not answer the question whether or not he is

*interested* in us as individuals. We shrink to such pitiable insignificance in face of the mighty universe, we are such ignorant mites in comparison with Omniscient Mind, that it is very hard to believe that that Mind takes more account of us *as individuals* than we take of individual bacteria. We know that bacteria exist in swarming billions, but we have no interest in the life-history of each individual organism among them. Do we human beings stand in the same relation to God in which the bacteria stand to us? Can that Supreme Mind not only know of our existence, but actually be interested in us as individuals, as separate personalities? Can it perhaps even *love* us? The Christian Church has for centuries preached the "love of God, that passeth all understanding," and most of us have taken it to be no more than a comforting phrase. Let us see if, apart from all theology and dogma and Church teaching,

we can find a reasonable, a purely logical, interpretation of the phrase, "God is love," or "God so loved the world."

We must go back to one of the basic distinctions recognized by Psychology, the difference between *percept* and *concept.* Here, to take a homely example, is my dog. I can see and hear and feel him; my five senses bring me various impressions about him which give to me his different qualities, such as his color, his breed, his temper, his intelligence. In other words, I *perceive* him, and the composite picture of all his various qualities and attributes brought me by my senses we call a *percept.* That is to say, a percept is always a particular mental picture of a particular object; it is limited to just that one object, and is, therefore, finite. Now, my dog may be an Airedale; but my neighbor also has a dog, a tiny, hairless Mexican lap-dog, utterly unlike mine; and still another friend has a dog, too, an im-

mense Siberian wolf-hound, totally different, apparently, from the other two; and there are many other kinds of dogs as well. Yet I unhesitatingly call them all *dogs;* I never confuse them with horses or cows or pigs or trees or books; immensely different as they appear, they are yet all *dogs,* and of each I have a percept.

But how do I know so surely that they are all dogs? Because, all through my life, I have seen thousands of different individual dogs, and have needed some general name by which to denote such animals. My mind has *perceived* all these different, individual dogs, but I need the word Dog to describe that entire class of animals. That is, I have drawn off, or *abstracted,* the qualities and attributes shared in common by all these individual dogs, and have set up *in my mind* the general picture, the mental *abstraction,* Dog, to cover the entire group. Dog is what we call a concept. A

*percept,* as I said, is always finite, a particular picture of a particular dog; I see this dog and that dog and the other dog; but the *concept,* Dog, is infinite, unlimited. I never saw Dog, and I never shall; my five senses can give me only particular dogs. But Dog is a *mental* picture, an idea, without any material existence whatever; and it is also unlimited, infinite. There is sufficient Dog in the universe to include all the particular dogs I can possibly imagine without any limit whatever, and still have plenty of Dog left over. Here, then, we have a *concept,* Dog; an unlimited, pure *idea,* with no material existence, nothing that my senses can ever hope to grasp, but only my *mind.* Where does Dog exist? Solely in the mind.

But if I have never seen or heard or felt or smelled or tasted Dog, where did I get the idea? If I can know only particular, material dogs, whence came this notion of

the immaterial, unlimited, infinite, non-existent Dog? Why, it was revealed to me by my finite, particular percepts of finite, particular dogs. The infinite, Dog, has all through my conscious life been manifesting itself to me through perfectly sense-perceptible, finite dogs. And it is the same with all concepts. From seeing thousands of quite different chairs, I have finally got the idea Chair; from countless particular trees, the concept Tree; from innumerable, finite men, the infinite concept, Man. In other words, the Infinite has always revealed itself to me through the Finite.

Let us get at it in still another way by using a doctrine laid down by the great German philosopher, Hegel, his "Doctrine of Opposites." A particular thing, he argues, is partly constituted by what it is not. That sounds like a typically paradoxical and hair-splitting statement, does it

not? And yet it has a profoundly momentous truth in it.

Suppose, for example, there were only one color in all the wide universe and that every existing object were of that same uniform color,—red, we will say. Then, no one could ever know it was *red,* no one could ever possibly get the idea Color at all. There must be at least *two* colors in existence, if the idea Color is ever to arise. We may call these two colors, then, Red and Not-Red; Not-Red might be green, for example, or any other color in the world save Red. But we *must* have at least these two, Red and Not-Red (or, green), in order to get the idea Color at all. Then it must be obvious that Red is partly made up of what it is not; it cannot exist or have any meaning without its diametric opposite, Not-Red; which is merely to follow Hegel in saying that, in a certain sense, Not-Red makes Red what it is, namely, a

color. Red could not be a color at all, unless its opposite, Not-Red, also existed.

There are many pairs of these apparently paradoxical opposites. Concave could never be known, for example, unless Convex also existed; consequently, Concave is partly constituted by Not-Concave, i.e., Convex. Light could never be known unless Not-Light, or darkness, were also known; the very Darkness helps to make Light what it is. So Virtue could not exist unless Sin also existed, nor could any one ever get the idea Down unless Up were also known. In precisely the same way, Infinite is partly constituted by Finite, that is, it could not exist without Finite. If everything were infinite, there would be no Infinite knowable; Infinite *implies* Not-Infinite; and just as Not-Red helps to make up Red, so Not-Infinite (i.e., Finite) helps to make up Infinite. The point is, that in all these pairs of opposites, neither term

can exist without the other. Red *cannot exist* without Not-Red, and Infinite *cannot exist* without Finite.

We may say that this is too hard matter for our frail human intellects; that, although *we* may not conceive of Infinite existing without Finite, yet perhaps God, who is omniscient, can. But we have seen that God, being pure rationality, is *not* all-powerful, even though he may be omniscient. He cannot do anything irrational, he cannot repudiate his own rationality, and so is limited by it, although *self*-limited, not constrained by some force outside himself. And God's mind, we have proved, *must* obey these laws of thought, these necessary truths, for they *are* God, they are the way he thinks; so that for him to disobey or to violate them is for him to destroy himself. The necessary inter-relation or inter-dependence of Infinite and Finite is merely another illustration of the

Law of Contradiction. Either a given idea is Infinite or it is Not-Infinite (that is, Finite). The two ideas are absolutely inseparable; although they are exact opposites, poles apart, yet neither can exist without the other. Darkness and Light are as far apart, as different, as two things could imaginably be; yet you cannot know the one without knowing the other as well; neither can have any conceivable existence *alone*.

In the same way, then, I may say, "Either this ball is red or else it is not-red (e.g., green)." We must have the two ideas, Red and its opposite, Not-Red, to get the idea Color at all. And how do I finally get this idea, Color? I have never seen pure Color and never can; it is a pure abstraction, a mere idea in my mind, a concept, and, like all concepts, illimitable, infinite. But I *have* seen red and green and brown and blue and yellow; that is, I have perceived

finites, particular colors, and from them have formed in my mind the infinite concept, Color. That is, the Infinite not only depends for its very existence on the Finite, but *the Infinite is always revealed to me by the Finite;* only as the Infinite expresses itself to me through the Finite can I ever know it. Only as Chair and Dog and Color manifest themselves to me through countless particular chairs and particular dogs and particular browns and reds and greens can I ever get the idea Chair or Dog or Color. *Every Finite, then, is a revelation of an Infinite.*

Professor Royce's argument proved the Mind Behind the Universe to be an Omniscient Mind, necessarily knowing all truth in order to supply the corrective to all error; that is, it is an Infinite Mind, self-limited by its own rationality, but limited by nothing outside of itself. We know that our own human minds are finite, limited.

And yet we have the *idea* of Infinity, and so must be able to put some meaning into it, to see some relationship between Infinite Mind and our finite minds. Let us go on to study that relationship more attentively and to find out whether God not only knows of our existence but is also interested in us as individuals.

## CHAPTER VII

### MY RELATION TO THE MIND BEHIND THE UNIVERSE (*Continued*)

WE should be clear by now that the Mind Behind the Universe (or, as I propose to call it henceforth for brevity's sake, God) is an Infinite Mind, limited only from within by its own rationality. But if Infinity is to exist at all, it must be, as we saw in the last chapter, because Finiteness also exists. At least the Infinite Mind must have the *idea* of finite mind; for Infinite and Finite are inseparable, two halves of the same whole; the one cannot exist without the other. God knows his own Infinity because he also knows Finiteness, although he may choose—or may *not* choose—to *create* Finiteness; he must have the *idea,* but the choice remains with him.

If everything in the universe were uniformly red, not even God could get the idea Red or Color; similarly, if everything in the universe were infinite, not even God could get the idea finite. Finite *must* exist, if Infinite is to be known or to have any intelligible meaning.

Now, just as the infinite Dog and the infinite Chair express themselves and come to have a real existence in particular, finite dogs and particular, finite chairs, so Infinite Mind must manifest itself through particular, finite minds. The Infinite is always revealed to us through the Finite. And while Finite and Infinite are two diametrically opposite ideas, representing things which are a whole universe apart, yet they do have something in common: each helps to constitute the other, as Not-Red helps to make Red what it is. Just how did we get the concept Dog? Was it not by observing a great number of particular, in-

dividual dogs, and then drawing off or abstracting the characteristics *common to them all?* Or, to take another example, we include under the genus or concept Bovine all such mammals as have cloven hooves and chew the cud. The pig has cloven hooves and is a mammal, but he does not chew the cud, so he comes under another genus. Of course, there are a great many members of the large Bovine family; and this cow is different from that ox, and both are quite different in many ways from the wild deer. Each of these is a finite individual with its own peculiar attributes; but they all, despite these differences, have certain fundamental attributes in common,—cloven hooves and the habit of chewing the cud. It is these common attributes which we abstract and erect into the infinite concept or genus which we call Bovine. Nobody ever saw or ever will see Bovine; we see only *this* cow and *that* wild deer. Yet

these individuals, these finites through which the infinite Bovine expresses itself, while they are distinctly not infinite—being, indeed, the exact opposite of infinite, i.e., finite—nevertheless have in each instance the two attributes that make up the infinite Bovine; each of them, however else they may differ, has cloven hooves and each chews the cud. My point is simply that, while Infinite and Finite are exact opposites, yet each has something in common with the other; they are not totally unrelated. Just as Bovine could not have any real existence or meaning unless cows and oxen and wild deer existed at least in some consciousness, so Infinite could not have any real existence or meaning unless Finite existed at least in some consciousness.

Now we begin to see the absolutely necessary relation between Infinite Mind and finite minds. The two, while poles apart, have something in common: *they are both*

*minds.* And we have already seen that while Infinite Mind is necessarily omniscient, knows, that is, all truth, and finite minds know only a part of truth, yet *they think alike, they are both governed by the same necessary truths, the same laws of logical thought.* The element that Infinite Mind and finite minds share in common is, then, *the power to think,* and the consequent necessity for thinking *alike,* since truth must be the same for all rational intelligences; although we must not forget that the one thinks in an unlimited, the other in a limited way. There is, therefore, a necessary relation between the two; *neither can exist without the other.*

This last statement, to be quite precise, needs qualification. The Infinite Mind existed, certainly, before finite minds were evolved, on this planet, at least. But the Infinite Mind must have had the *idea* of finite minds, else it could not have known

even its own Infinity, or ever have planned to produce finite minds. You cannot create something which you do not know, something of which you have no idea whatsoever! And that Infinite Mind clearly planned to produce finite minds, is the lesson that the mighty sweep of organic evolution teaches us.

But why should the Mind Behind the Universe, being Infinite, have *wanted* to produce finite minds? Why should it have any faintest interest in doing so? We may answer these questions Yankee-fashion by asking another. What is the prime, urgent need which a mind—and we have seen that a mind means a personality—feels? Is it not the imperative need to express itself? It must be. We have already remarked that pure, inactive *Intellect* is a meaningless phrase, a contradiction in terms. What can a mind do but *think?* And, if it thinks, it must think about something, it must have

a point of view; and a point of view involves likes and dislikes, hopes and plans and tastes and ambitions. These a mind is forced to express; it cannot keep them all bottled up. The new-born infant, painfully adjusting itself to a new world, struggles from its first feeble wail to express itself. An unfortunate man, stricken deaf, dumb, and blind, and rendered nearly immovable by paralysis, will yet find some method of self-expression, if only by means of a flicking eyebrow or a barely perceptible movement of the head. The deaf and dumb have the finger alphabet; the blind have the Braille script. A mind, a personality, *must express itself;* that is its first and greatest need.

Each of us is employed throughout his entire life in expressing himself, in manifesting his personality. Two artists will give quite different renderings of the same landscape (where two cameras will give

duplicate renderings), because each artist has put into his picture some expression of himself. And, as the two selves are necessarily different, so will the pictures be different. Mind, then, is of necessity constantly seeking self-expression; indeed, can do no otherwise if it is to remain mind. And if even the lower animals express themselves, as we all know they do, what shall we say of the human mind, with its power of rational and abstract thought, its vastly wider horizon? And what shall we say of the Mind Behind the Universe, which knows all truth? It, too, must be ever expressing itself.

And it is characteristic of mind or personality that it inevitably tends to seek the highest expression of itself. The lower animals, unable to reason abstractly, having only rudimentary and undeveloped minds and very little to express in any case, are content with barks and yelps and

whimpers which never reach the stage of a coordinated language. Human beings, on a higher plane, have more of mind, and so more to express, and they have developed language and art. Some men are, of course, fairly low in the scale, not far above the animals, and their self-expression will not be worth very much, either to themselves or to the human race. Others, highly educated, filled with noble ideals, have much of value to express; these are the leaders and teachers of the human race. But even the best men are, after all, finite, limited; and though they seek to express the highest and best which they know, that expression will still be faulty and imperfect, will fall far short of omniscience.

The Infinite Mind, however, knowing all truth and also constantly under the necessity of expressing itself, will inevitably seek the highest possible form of self-expression. It could not conceivably rest satisfied with

anything short of the best. And what must that *best* be? What *could* it be, save the nearest possible approach to a reproduction of itself? The Infinite Mind already knows the best and the highest, for it knows Itself; and it must seek to express itself in terms of the best and the highest, that is, in terms of rational mind. The great Mind Behind the Universe yearns to express itself, *must* express itself; and to achieve its maximum self-expression it must reproduce *itself,* it must aim at creating rational minds like in some degree at least to itself. We may even, without any least hint of irreverence, put it that *God wants company,* and *understanding* company, *appreciative* company. Even a Paderewski or a Kreisler, after years of laborious practise to master the technique of piano or violin, wants an appreciative audience; neither artist, having learned his highest form of self-expression, cares to play to himself alone;

he earnestly desires to share his delight in his own self-expression, even though he care nothing for money or for unintelligent applause. But he does crave *intelligent* appreciation.

And so God planned and started, on this planet at least, the great drama of organic evolution. First came the creation of the planet itself, then the slow gathering of an atmosphere, then the first water, and finally the first life in its simplest one-celled form. This is not the place to follow in detail the various thrilling acts of that great drama; the geologists and the biologists have already done that for us. But all the evidence that all the scientists have been able to collect proves that this planet was first created as a field for the development of life; and that the goal of that development was, first, the creation of the human organism, which we call the highest in the scale of animal life, and secondly, the using of

that delicate and complex human body as the mechanism through which mind could best work, just as the electric current works through the motor.

But while human beings are at the top of the scale of organic life, none the less are the minutest of creations expressions of the Mind Behind the Universe. The shapeless amœba; the tiny specks of life called protists, or first bodies, that are so low in the scale that it is as yet impossible to determine whether they be plants or animals; the gnat, the earthworm, the gorgeous flower, the delicately veined leaf of the tree —all these are expressions of that Mind and have for it a certain value. Jesus stated a profound truth when he remarked that "not a sparrow falleth without the knowledge of the Father," and when he spake lovingly of the lilies, whose beauty was more than Solomon's in all his glory. Did it ever occur to you to wonder why the

world is so beautiful? Have you ever been distressed because so much of loveliness went apparently to waste? Why the opalescent colors of a moth's wings? Why the exquisitely-perfumed flower, blooming and dying unregarded on the desert island, where no man shall see it? Why the ever-changing loveliness of land and sea and sky? Are not these all expressions of the great Mind, the great Personality, Behind the Universe, who delights in beauty? May we not quite honestly say that, quite apart from Man, who may or may not enjoy this beauty, God *enjoys* this beautiful world which he has made?

And yet the highest expression of himself on this planet,—and that is all that we have a right to be concerned with here,—must be the human mind. That comes the nearest to God's mind of all his creations. "Consider the ravens," said Jesus, "that they sow not, neither reap; which have no

store-chamber nor barn; and God feedeth them; of how much more value are ye than the birds!" The artist, striving to express himself, values his early attempts at painting with all their imperfections, but values his latest and best pictures most highly. God must value everything he has created as an expression of himself, but how much more must he value the highest expression of himself, the human soul!

Infinite cannot exist without Finite; Infinite Mind cannot exist unless it has at least the idea *Finite Mind*; mind or personality *must* express itself; and the most highly developed personality seeks the highest self-expression, namely, reproduction of itself. We human beings, with finite minds, are being constantly created as expressions of the Infinite Mind; "not a sparrow falleth," not a mind falleth, but the Father knoweth it.

Are we too little and insignificant for

the Infinite Mind to know us as individuals? No, we have seen that that would imply a limitation from without upon Infinite Mind, would be to accuse Omniscience of ignorance. Are we, as individuals, *unimportant* to Infinite Mind? No, for Infinite *cannot exist* without Finite, and we finite human beings are God's attempts at self-expression, at reproduction of himself, and he must have an intense interest in each one of us, as the painter has in each of his pictures, be they early or late. Does not this give at once a new dignity and worth not only to the amœba and to the flower, but especially to the individual human soul? God cannot exist without some self-expression; he inevitably seeks the highest expression of himself; and, while he clearly loves beauty and is interested in every atom of his creation, he must be most profoundly interested in every finite, hu-

man mind, every human soul, as every father is interested in all his children.

This is not a mere formula, not a cold theological doctrine, but a demonstrable fact which we cannot possibly escape. We, as human individuals, have a real kinship with God; we are reproductions of him on a smaller scale; he is a Personality, and we are smaller personalities, more limited than he is, who yet think as he does. And here we have a philosophic support for the fundamental principle of democracy, namely, the essential dignity and worth of each human being, not only to himself and to his fellow-men, but also to the Mind Behind the Universe, to God.

Can God conceivably *not* be interested in us as individuals? Can he regard us as we regard the billions of swarming bacteria? Not possibly. We are his highest self-expression, we have each a soul, a personality, that thinks as he does; to say that he

sees us only "in the lump" is to accuse him of irrationality, as much as it would be irrational to say that an artist sees his own pictures or a father his own children "in the lump." A human father and mother may have fifteen or twenty children, but they do not lump them together. Each of us as an individual self or soul, different from all other souls that ever have existed or ever will exist, must be profoundly interesting to God.

Do you sympathize with your intimate friend—your second self—in his troubles and rejoice with him in his good fortune, clap him heartily on the back when he has fought the good fight and kept the faith, or give him a helping hand when he is "down and out"? So, probably, does God, who is a very real Personality, love you and admire you when you are at your best, or perhaps pity or even scorn you when you are not your best self. Do you confuse

your most intimate friend with your other friends, lump them all together, and never distinguish between them? Of course, you do not! No more does God confuse *you* with any other human being. *You,* as a separate, particular, individual, human soul, a finite expression of himself, are of incalculable value to him, and of unending interest. And so, while he has clothed the lilies in more than kingly splendor and tinted the glorious sunsets for his and our joy, though he has looked upon all these things and seen that they are good, yet he must be chiefly interested in his supreme expression of himself, that is, in us finite human beings.

But we must go on to still another question. God has created men as, for the moment, the highest expressions of himself. What is he trying to do with us and with the universe? Or, with this planet and its inhabitants? What, now that we are made

after all the agonizing of natural forces, is he purposing to do with us? Can we do anything for him? Does he possibly, in any faintest sense, *need* us? We must reserve these inquiries for another chapter.

## CHAPTER VIII

### WHAT DOES THE SUPREME MIND PURPOSE?

IT is a common statement that the ways of God are inscrutable. We have already remarked that the mere attempt to find out how God's mind works is felt by many to be little short of sacrilege; yet, simply by examining the evidence he had put ready to our hands, we found that we could nevertheless safely assert that his mind works according to the necessary laws of thought, which our minds likewise obey. In precisely the same way many persons feel that it is sacrilegious to attempt to pry into God's purposes; if he had meant us to know them, they say, he would have revealed them to us. But that is an argument that cuts both ways. Pushed to its

logical conclusion, it would cut off all scientific research and all invention. "If God had wanted us to know about electricity, he would have revealed it to us. If he had wanted us to know about steam engines and wireless telephony, he would have revealed them to us." Shall we argue after that fashion?

No, God set all the evidence before us and then gave us minds like in their logical thought-processes to his mind. What is the obvious conclusion, if not that he wanted us to use those minds to the best of our ability? How, then, shall we best use them to study out God's purpose in creating this universe? And how far can we go in discerning that purpose—provided there is any purpose at all? Probably not very far; but it is our clear duty to go as far as we can.

How do we know that God even has a purpose in framing this universe? There

are two points to be noticed in answering this question. First, it is characteristic of rational intelligence, low as well as high, that it does everything it does *with a definite purpose.* My most trivial rational act has always *some purpose* in view. I cannot, for example, run a race, unless I know beforehand the direction in which I must run and the goal at which I must stop. I cannot just *run somewhere.* Of course, we all have a great many instinctive reactions performed by our involuntary muscles, the reactions which keep our hearts beating and our other internal organs working properly, which make it fortunately unnecessary for us to take thought every time we draw a breath, which make us blink rapidly when a stick is whirled before our eyes. These reactions function by themselves, quite apart from our reason, and it is not of these that I speak here. In so far, however, as my rational and con-

scious acts are concerned, every least as well as every greatest of them is done with a purpose. Just now, as I was writing the above words, I gave my neck a twist, probably a very ungraceful motion; but I did it to ease the pressure of a too-tight collar. A public speaker makes many gestures, the purpose of which is to emphasize his arguments. We eat in order to live; we sleep in order to get strength for the next day's work; and we work the next day in order to earn our sustenance. I am setting down black ink marks on a piece of white paper —that is, I am writing this book—in order that you may get certain ideas that seem to me immensely important. Run over in your mind all your acts and motions of to-day, even the most trivial, and you will find on thoughtful analysis that every single one of them had a perfectly definite purpose. Some were obviously unimportant, some "thoughtless," some of patent

significance; but back of each was *some purpose.* I am not at the moment discussing the question whether it was a good purpose or a bad, a sensible or a silly purpose; I am merely asserting that it is characteristic of rationality that its *every* act is a *purposive* act, meant to achieve a certain end, however vividly or dimly that end may be seen, however sensible or foolish it may prove to be. That is the first point to be noted.

And, secondly, the purpose with which every rational act is performed is the purpose of achieving what the performer conceives to be a *good.* Here, again, I am not discussing the morals of the question, but am simply asserting that you do everything that you do with the purpose of gaining what you *believe* to be a good. Of course, men may be, and are, very much mistaken about what is *good.* What you honestly conceive to be a good for yourself may

seem to me to be wildly wrong; but that is not the question under discussion at the moment. The point is that, however wrong you may prove to be, *you* believe that what you seek is a *good*. The murderer, for example, is regarded by society as a deadly menace; but, from *his* point of view, he kills his man because the latter's death will bring to the murderer something he *wants* —relief from jealousy, the victim's money, or what not. The thief steals in order that he may have for himself and for his enjoyment the property of other persons. You scratch your nose because your nose itches, and you purpose to achieve for yourself the good of relief from the itching.

It is wholly impossible to imagine a rational mind so acting as to do itself a harm. A medieval monk may have hurt himself horribly with repeated scourgings, but he intended thereby to save his soul from hell. The torturers of the Inquisition put their

fellow-men to the most incredible sufferings, but they honestly and sincerely purposed the victims' ultimate salvation. The old Roman hero, Scævola, deliberately burnt off his right hand, obviously a most painful process and productive of vast inconvenience to him later; but he did it to clear his own conscience. No rational person can conceivably so act as deliberately to insure his own harm. He may be ignorant of the consequences of his act, and harm may come where he confidently expected good; but that is due solely to his lack of knowledge or to his faulty reasoning. My point is that, when he acted, he did so in the confident expectation of achieving what at the moment of choice he believed to be a good. We need not multiply examples. A little thought will convince one, first, that every conscious and rational act is done with a purpose; and, secondly, that the purpose in view is *always* the achieving of

what seems to the doer, whether mistakenly or not, *a good*.

Back of the universe we have found Law; and Law implies Mind, which we have seen to be Rational Mind; Mind, in turn, implies Personality, the power to think and act rationally, to have a point of view; and every rational act involves a purpose, namely the purpose to achieve what the mind of the doer conceives to be a good.

Now, what can we know of the purposes of the Mind Behind the Universe? That it has a purpose is inevitable; it could not otherwise be Mind. And that that purpose should seem to it good is equally inevitable. You and I, with our finite minds, our limited knowledge, make countless mistakes. We mean to achieve what we conceive to be a good, but our calculations are too often tragically wrong and the purposed good turns out to be an evil instead. But we have seen that the Supreme Mind must be

all-knowing, in order to supply the corrective for every error. It must have a purpose, too, and a purpose to gain what it believes to be the good; and since it knows all errors and consequently all truth, it is not liable to the mistakes which our minds so often make. It is impossible for it to plan a good that should afterwards unexpectedly turn out to be an evil. What it plans *must* be good, really and permanently and unchangingly good, because the Supreme Mind *knows* instead of guessing, it has complete, not partial, knowledge.

Just what that great ultimate Good is, who of us shall undertake to say? We have each our ideals, our fugitive and partial visions of the Good, our dreams of the perfect world that is to be. But we have too limited a knowledge, too biased a view, to venture to define it precisely. That the ultimate Good which the Supreme Mind envisages will be built not upon the material

things which perish but rather upon men's souls, the highest expression of himself, seems beyond any reasonable doubt. I prefer not to try here to outline what seems to me the ultimate good which the Supreme Mind has in view, because men's minds differ so widely, our experience and our ideals are so varied, and our knowledge so limited, that we should probably never agree on the details, perhaps not even on the general outline of the plan. But this much, I believe, we may state with entire confidence: God is a rational mind; he is of necessity purposing something; and that something seems to him absolutely and permanently *good;* since of necessity he knows everything, he may be trusted to avoid mistakes; his *good* will not turn out unexpectedly to be an evil; and the good he purposes is not *a good,* which pertains to an individual and is transitory, but *the Good;* and that Good will somehow be involved with our human

souls, which are the highest created expression of himself.

But, however we may differ about details, we need not remain utterly vague as to what "his great commanded good" is. Certain elements in it there must be on which all rational persons can agree; and these elements, together with the relation you and I bear to them and to the plan as a whole, must be the next problem we face.

# CHAPTER IX

## THE WORLD HERE

ONE of the profoundest and oldest problems with which man has wrestled ever since man has existed is the problem of Evil in the universe. The old dualistic theory, offering God on the one side and Satan on the other, engaged in constant struggle, will scarcely satisfy us today, when few educated persons believe in a personal Devil, and many are not even sure there is a God. If, as we have seen in the foregoing chapters, God is all-knowing and, as a purely rational being, is working out a definite purpose with the aim of achieving an ultimate absolute good, how can there be so much in the universe that is not good?

We can only say that the question is unanswerable by us as yet; but an analogy suggested by Mr. J. Arthur Hill * may be of real use. We have just recently come through a frightful war in which the waste of blood and treasure has been beyond calculation. A great many persons, especially those nearly touched by the disaster, have been led to exclaim, "There *cannot* be a good God, if such things are allowed to happen!" But is not that feeling of despair due in part perhaps to our ignorance and limited vision?

I have several billions of corpuscles at work in my blood, each performing its infinitesimal function in the great whole of my organism. Suppose, for the moment, each of these minute corpuscles to have a rudimentary intelligence and personality, a miniature point of view of its own. It may

* *Psychical Investigations,* p. 296. Geo. H. Doran Co., N. Y., 1917.

have succeeded in grasping a bit of the great plan of my entire organism, may have perceived dimly its own function therein, and achieved some notion of its own duty to cooperate with the other corpuscles. Also, it may have come to acquire no little conceit of itself and its own individual importance in the general scheme of things entire, as it partially understands that scheme. But suppose, also, that, in order to perform a vastly important public service, I myself work steadily for forty-eight hours without sleep, scarcely taking time to eat, and draining my nervous energy nearly dry. In the process millions of these tiny corpuscles are destroyed by the inevitable breakdown of tissue. It is not hard to imagine their consternation at the frightful wholesale destruction of their brother corpuscles. "We thought we were cooperating with a great and good Spirit towards a good end!" they cry, and follow it up, as we

have done, with the conviction, loudly expressed, that the Mind which rules their universe is cruel and wantonly destructive rather than good, diabolical and vindictive rather than godlike. But they have not known the great aim that Mind has had in view; they could not even imagine the incalculable good to humanity that their own destruction has made possible; they see but the tiniest bit of the whole vast plan, and are wrathful and afraid and filled with distrust.

Of course, analogies are often dangerous and seldom convincing as arguments, but may there not be some help for us in this one? *We* know an astonishing amount about *our* universe; we *know* that God is working to a good end; shall we despair if we cannot always see every detail of the great plan, or if the goal be hid from us as yet? And we have an immense advantage over the corpuscles: we can convince our-

selves that the end sought by God *is* good, no matter what we may think about the means he has chosen; and we can, therefore, take heart of grace to go on, unencumbered by any theory of a personal Devil. What seems to us pure evil may mean to the Supreme Mind an ultimate great good. And we have already seen that, if good is to exist at all, evil must be at least *known*, just as darkness must be known before light can have any intelligible meaning.

This is not pure sentimentalism, nor is it "blind faith." We are not, when we commit ourselves to this belief, merely timidly shutting our eyes and taking a terrifying leap into darkness. When we say to ourselves that God is working towards a good end, we have reason and logic on our side. We do not need to see the goal in its every detail, any more than the navigator needs to see a new port before he sets his course for it. Our faith is not a "blind" faith any

more than the navigator's faith is blind. We both use our reason and our proved knowledge.

But, though we need not and as yet cannot picture to ourselves all of God's plan for this world, of certain things we can be assured.

First: *the plan concerns itself chiefly with human souls.* We have already remarked that these souls are the end towards which the whole of organic evolution on this planet has travailed for uncounted billions of years. The first necessity was to produce this planet, as a suitable field for the support and development of life. Next, it was necessary from the one-celled organism to develop the delicate and intricate human frame, and especially the brain, through which the human mind or soul or spirit might best function. And we are now in the third great stage of evolution—the last and the greatest, for us—namely, the higher

development of these souls, of these reproductions of God's own self, necessarily most precious to him of all his vast creation.

What has come to us out of the past that is *permanently* valuable? Is it the great military victories of Assyria or Egypt or Persia? Is it the mighty material civilization of Greece and Rome? No; "the knight's sword is rust, his bones are dust," and the once splendid Acropolis and Forum are but crumbling heaps of ruins, of interest chiefly to archeologists. What our forefathers have bequeathed to us of lasting value is not the *things* they made, but the *thoughts* they had. The grocery-clerk or the factory-hand may never have heard of the Acropolis or the Forum, or known Plato's or Shakespeare's names; but he cannot live in the world to-day without using the thoughts of the great thinkers and teachers of the race. He does not know that he is thinking their thoughts, of course,

for he has never even heard of them; but he uses those thoughts, perforce, none the less. There is a story that Emerson once lent to a Concord farmer an English translation of Plato's *Republic*, wherein the philosopher sketches his theory of the ideal State. When the farmer returned the book, Emerson asked how he had liked it. "Waal," drawled he, "I see he's got some of *my* idees!"

Whether we know it or not, the modern world is swayed by the greatest thoughts of the greatest philosophers and teachers and scientists and artists the world has produced. "The things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are unseen are eternal." Does not that state a profound truth? Ought we not to put far less faith than we now do in mere machinery, in railroads and banks, in business and great buildings, in airships and wireless telephony, in all that the phrase "material civ-

ilization" implies? I am not decrying this material civilization; anything that makes for the greater comfort of mankind and that therefore tends to set man's soul free for faster and higher development has its entirely legitimate place in the vast scheme. But all history, if we would but read its lesson aright, proves conclusively that it is the "things of the spirit" that shall last, long after the world of matter shall have become mere dust and ashes. Is Shakespeare really *dead?* Or Milton, or Luther, or Plato? Not while their thoughts go marching on. Does it make any difference whether Æschylus wrote his mighty tragedies two thousand years ago or yesterday? Not if he set forth great and true and universal thoughts therein. As well repudiate the Law of Gravitation as "old-fashioned" because its discoverer, Sir Isaac Newton, died nearly two hundred years ago!

No; the only permanently valuable

things our forefathers from the earliest days have left to us are ideas and ideals. We have come far beyond the stage-coaches and tallow-dips of colonial days; but this immense country of ours is still struggling to realize the great ideal of Democracy, still trying to embody the noble thoughts set forth in such ringing clarion tones in the Declaration of Independence. The whole of humanity is now clearly in the last great stage of its evolution—the evolution of the human spirit.

And secondly: *the plan has to do ultimately with human souls which shall be equal.* "All men are born free and equal" is a fine ringing phrase; but we all know perfectly well that it expresses a dream of the future instead of stating a present reality. Just as men have spoiled and disfigured the beautiful face of Nature in the coal fields of Pennsylvania and Lancashire, and made what was a lovely countryside

hideous to look upon and squalid to dwell in, so the social organization that man's selfish greed has created has spoiled and disfigured human nature, and made it wholly impossible for all men to be born free and equal. Free and equal they were assuredly meant to be. How can we think otherwise, if our reasoning in the preceding chapters was sound? The Supreme Mind is expressing itself through us and constantly seeking the highest and most perfect self-expression. Can it be possible that it means to discriminate between us? Can you really believe that God *meant* some individuals to be born in a fetid slum, with never any slightest chance to become good and well-educated and serviceable citizens? This is a kind of Calvinistic view of society, and has been justified for centuries by the constant and blasphemous quotation of Jesus' own saying, "The poor ye have always with you." It is a phrase commonly on the lips

of well-to-do persons who feel that their own comfortable and sheltered and cultured lives are not only divinely appointed by a Deity who recognizes their obvious merits but also due in no small measure to their own good sense and foresight. And they quite honestly feel that, just as Calvin conceived of God as creating certain souls to be saved and certain souls to be damned, so God has decreed that there shall always be the rich and the poor, and that social reformers are guilty of downright sacrilege in flying in the face of manifest Providence. It is, for such, a highly comforting belief; but did Jesus say, "The poor you *must* always have with you"? Indeed, he did not!

It is clearly, therefore, no small part of our task here on this earth to do each of us what he can to make "liberty, equality, and fraternity" realities, instead of mere rhetorical phrases. Many thinkers, from Plato to Mr. H. G. Wells, have dreamed

dreams of an Utopia; but this is not the place to enter upon a discussion of all these fair visions; any one who is interested can read them for himself. The only point I wish to make here is that, if our reasoning in the earlier chapters has been correct and our logical deductions true, every thoughtful man and woman is under a moral obligation to have in mind some ideal state of society in which human souls can be free and equal, as the Supreme Mind clearly meant them to be. And, more important still, every thoughtful man and woman must *do* something to realize that ideal.

For there is no more wicked thing than to say smugly, "I *believe* in so and so"—and then to do nothing about it! "I believe in Democracy," a man says. But if he never lifts a finger to make Democracy a real thing in the world instead of a mere word in the dictionary, who cares tuppence whether he believes in it or not? This is

part of the essence of what the late William James called Pragmatism. The word comes from *pragma,* meaning a *deed,* from a Greek verb, *prattein*, meaning *to do, to act, to accomplish*, the same root from which we derive our English word *practical.*

Our minds are often not unlike the old-fashioned lumber-room in the attic, stored with decrepit furniture and odds and ends "that may be wanted some day." So, our intellectual attics are cluttered with a great mass of useless furniture, inherited prejudices and conventions and traditions and points of view. We all need an intellectual house-cleaning. Let us look over carefully this heterogeneous collection, throw away at once all that we cannot use, and hold fast to that which is good and sound and true. Let us keep only the convictions and beliefs and principles that are practicable and usable, beliefs upon which we are

prepared to *act*, and clear our mental atmosphere by getting rid of all the useless confusion.

If you prefer to keep your belief in Democracy as a desirable ideal, very well, keep it, by all means; but *do something about it;* don't leave it merely to clutter your mind. If you wish to keep a belief in honesty, by all means do so; but see that henceforth you *act up to the belief*, instead of just tucking it away in your mind as a copy-book precept. Who cares about your *belief* in honesty, if you are a convicted thief?

If you have found reason and conviction in the foregoing chapters and really believe that there actually is a personal God who is working out a great and useful and good purpose and who has created human souls in his own likeness to cooperate with him in achieving this purpose, very well, keep that belief,—but, *act upon it.* If you can hon-

estly feel that all human souls are of primary importance in creation and that they are meant by God to be free and equal, then *do* something to make that freedom and equality possible and real; preach it, talk it, *live* it. If we could all combine on that policy, could all act together to that end, how soon might not the Kingdom of Heaven come! We constantly pray, "Thy will be done," but how many of us prefer to leave the immensely difficult task of making it come, in God's hands! That is so much easier—and so much lazier! We *must* be pragmatists; we *must,* if we believe whole-heartedly in an ideal, *do* something to realize that ideal.

What would a business man think of a subordinate in his office who should say to him, "My dear sir, I heartily endorse your policy, it has all my sympathy and interest and hope; but I am not prepared to lift a finger to help realize it. I only pray you

may succeed!" Yet that is precisely what most of us mean when we pray, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, *on earth* as it is in Heaven." We are, perhaps, scarcely likely to influence events in Heaven; but why, in God's name, were we put on earth, reproductions on an infinitesimal scale of God himself, if not to see as clearly as we can God's purpose that we human souls should be free and equal and aspire to be Godlike—*and then to do something about that belief?* The business man is not even mildly interested in the professed loyalty and sympathy of the subordinate who refuses to *work* for him; I think it not unfair to say that God, being above all else rational and purposive, can have scant interest in the "professing Christian" who mumbles the Lord's Prayer on Sunday, but never makes a conscious move to help the Kingdom come on earth, to say nothing of Heaven. Let me say again, at the risk of

tedious repetition, if you believe in an ideal, you must *do* something to realize it—something definite, tangible, practical, sensible—beyond the mere saying "I believe."

Back of the physical universe, as we know it, is Law; Law means Mind; Mind implies Rational Personality; Rational Personality involves inevitably expression of that personality through purposive action towards a foreseen goal, a goal demonstrably and necessarily good and desirable. We are here on earth as reproductions on a smaller scale of that great Mind Behind the Universe; either we heartily approve its purpose, however dimly we can make out its details, or we disapprove; that is, we either believe in its goodness and wisdom, or we do not. But, in any case, we cannot imaginably be neutral. "He that is not for me is against me." Absolute neutrality with regard to an ideal is unthinkable for a rational intelligence. If you definitely *dis-*

*approve* of God and his purpose and his methods, I shall not try further to alter your opinion; but *you must do something about your disapproval.* If, on the other hand, you have followed me through the earlier chapters of this book and do believe in this personal God and in his great and good purpose, then, in the same way and by the same logic, *you must do something about your belief.* You cannot possibly be neutral, unless you are either an idiot or a coward. You may take your choice!

What each of us ought to do and can do towards the realizing of this ideal is a question which every individual must study and answer for himself. Only, to whichever belief you finally commit yourself, be sure that you *do something*, that you discover your particular gift or capacity—for nearly every one has such, though it may be very humble—and then exercise it to the utmost while there is life in you. That much we

can all do on earth. And, either way, it is a man's job!

But what about Heaven? The greatest problems that have always troubled man's thought are the problems of *God*, of *freedom*, of *duty*, and of *immortality*. With God and freedom and duty I have already tried to deal; we must now turn for a moment to the last of these pressing questions and see what bearing our previous argument has on the life and the world hereafter.

## CHAPTER X

### THE WORLD HEREAFTER

LET me say at once, and very frankly, that in this chapter we shall be obliged to depart in some measure from clearly demonstrable facts, such as we have been dealing with in the preceding pages, and embark upon a sea of speculation. For no one as yet *knows*, as positive fact, anything about the world hereafter. Even Lazarus, after his reported resurrection, did not leave to us any hint of his experiences while his body lay in the tomb.

And yet, as we set out upon our voyage, we are not quite without chart or compass; we shall not find ourselves drifting wholly blindly, any more than the modern navigator who sails a hitherto undiscovered sea.

He reasons from past known experiences; he knows north from south; he can set a course, albeit he may know not, even as Columbus knew not, to what precise haven he may come at the last. And in the same manner we, having certain demonstrable facts to guide our thinking, may, with some show of reason at least, guess as to our ultimate goal, may hazard a not unwarrantable conjecture as to what that haven may be like. But we must be very careful not to forget that we are only guessing, and that no man has a right to be dogmatic in speaking of the world hereafter, if, indeed, there be such a world at all.

Of course, many thinkers have denied that there is or could be such a future existence. After this life ended, say they, is nothingness, mere annihilation, utter absence of existence or of any consciousness of existence whatsoever. But here is a dogmatism fully as indefensible as that of the

earnest Salvationists, who proclaim with equal certainty that man *does* live on after what we call death.

Let us, then, avoid dogmatic assertions altogether, and address ourselves for the moment to considering what, in the light of the foregoing chapters, is the *likelihood* of man's surviving death.

Is a belief in personal immortality a *reasonable* belief? Have we any facts that justify us in holding that, after death, while the physical mechanism we call the body patently decays and is resolved into mere chemical elements, the soul of the individual, with all its tastes, points of view, memories, all the subtle factors that go to make up a personality, continues to exist? Of course, all I can ever know about your personality is the various manifestations of that personality through your body, looks, speech, actions, gestures, and the like, which are conveyed in turn to me by my

bodily senses. And yet, as we saw in an earlier chapter, Mind *means* Personality; and while I may interpret the workings of your mind by my own sense-impressions, and by recalling my own experiences, my senses never give me any direct contact with your actual mind, or soul; I can only infer it from the analogy of my own, of which I am directly and immediately aware.

Now, is that mind or soul or personality of yours—a thing, remember, which I can never know from the direct evidence of my senses—a principle which perishes, which is utterly demolished and annihilated when your body dies? Surely I have no possible right to make such an unwarranted assertion! I might quite as logically maintain that, when an electric motor is smashed, electricity ceases to exist. True, the electricity no longer manifests itself at that point; the delicate mechanism of the motor, the known arrangement of material parts

which seems to be essential if the mysterious current is to appear and function, has been disarranged; the machine is broken; and the electricity, lacking the necessary conditions, can no longer manifest itself there. As well expect a camera to take a picture when it has neither lens nor film; light still exists, but it cannot register, because the proper mechanism, the essential conditions, are not present.

May it not be so with the soul? So far as all our experience shows—an experience, remember, which comes wholly through our bodily senses—the mind or soul or spirit, the *you-ness* of you, that makes *you* different from every other personality in the universe, can manifest itself to me only when it functions through a physical, material mechanism, a thing of atoms and chemical elements which we call the body and the brain. But how are we justified in saying that, when the *physical* brain and

body are damaged by an accident or "destroyed" by death, your *you-ness* has been destroyed? All we have a right to say is that your personality can no longer manifest itself through the only mechanism by which it is able to make itself known to me. When you smash the motor, have you destroyed electricity? When the physical, material brain disintegrates, and the physical body rots in the grave, has your *you-ness*—all the character, habits of mind, tastes, body of memories, points of view that you have been for perhaps a half-century assembling into a personality—been destroyed? He would be a bold and a most unreasonably dogmatic man who should say, "Yes, it *is* destroyed, and there is left—nothing!" Those who deny the immortality of the soul are every whit as dogmatic as they who believe in it.

Let me stop here to ask one highly pertinent question. Just how would you go

about to destroy a personality utterly, to blot it out completely, so that no least vestige of it could remain in all the vast universe? Remember that your personality is not a material thing, not a physical entity which you can weigh and measure and handle, or see or hear or smell or taste. It is the sum total of your habits, your tastes, your interests, your memories, your points of view; and none of these is in any sense a material thing, so that their sum total cannot be material. How can I abolish your *you-ness?* True, I may gravely injure your brain, may even drive you insane; but that can mean only that I have damaged the material mechanism, the physical brain, through which necessarily you manifest your personality to me; it gives me no shadow of right to assert that I have abolished *you.* Perhaps I have; but my point is that, in the light of all our present evidence, no living person has a right to main-

tain such a position with any certainty or dogmatism.

Now, then, to return to my question, how would you destroy a personality? You cannot poison it, obviously; you cannot beat it with a club; you cannot cut it with a knife; you cannot annihilate it by any chemical reaction. Poison can destroy certain material brain-cells so that they can no longer carry the message your mind tries to send through them; a club may fracture your skull and produce a serious brain lesion; a surgeon's knife can cut out a whole section of the brain, so that the victim apparently loses his memory. But all these are attacks of one sort or another upon the brain, upon the mere physical machine through which, when it is in working order, your personality manifests itself, as the electric current manifests itself through the perfectly functioning mechanism of the motor.

You cannot cut a sunbeam with a sword.

Why not? Because you are dealing with two utterly different worlds, two wholly divergent kinds of idea. And, similarly, you cannot destroy the *immaterial* personality by any imaginable *material* means.

Let us look back for a moment to the results of our preceding chapters and see if they can shed any light on this eternally interesting question of personal immortality.

Mind, we saw, means Personality. There is no comfort in the Buddhist doctrine that, after a long and tedious cycle of existences, the individual soul is absorbed into the great Impersonal Intelligence, losing its identity as a drop of water does when it reaches the ocean. An *impersonal* intelligence, we discovered, is a complete contradiction in terms, a mere meaningless phrase. If Intelligence means anything, it means Personality.

Again, we saw that the prime characteristic of a rational intelligence is that it per-

forms every conscious act with a view to achieving a definite end; and, secondly, that the end in view is always conceived of by the intelligence as a *good*. Our finite human intelligences, as we said, are liable to mistakes and often aim at ends that we believe to be good, but that later often turn out to be bad. But whatsoever an intelligent and rational being does consciously, he always purposes some end that seems to him to be good.

And, further, we saw that the Mind Behind the Universe, being of necessity all-knowing, would not hesitate and guess and experiment, as we finite intelligences perforce do. If that Mind, with its complete knowledge, aims at something (as it must), there is no *if* or *perhaps* about it; we may have complete confidence in the ultimate and eternal goodness of that end.

And, finally, all the evidence we have been able to gather to date makes it abun-

dantly clear that the Supreme Mind has set in motion the grievous and wearisome process of evolution on this planet, with the ultimate end of creating human souls, human and finite personalities, as the highest possible expression of himself, the nearest approximation to his supreme personality.

Is it, then, even reasonable to suppose that, all through the ages, this laborious and painful process has gone on, only that, when the ultimate aim was achieved, when the human personality was at last, after so great travail, created and housed in a physical body, the Supreme Mind should, after its brief span of three score years and ten, utterly annihilate it? That is to liken God to a petulant child making clay images and then capriciously smashing them. To say that God labored through reaches of time so vast that our finite minds cannot even begin to grasp them, that God planned each minute detail so carefully and sustained

that incredible effort through countless eons until the result was finally achieved in the creation of the human personality, and that God then smashed each creation, made in his own image, after its brief day; is simply to accuse God of being a lunatic. If you like to believe in such a petulant, capricious, undependable God—very well, I shall not try to stop you. But a rational God, with a vast plan, a plan that envisages an ultimate great good, a God who has already proved his ability to carry out that plan, a God who is the same yesterday, today, and forever, upon whom one can depend utterly to be reasonable and intelligent and consistent; such a God, who is at the same time an intelligent Personality, commands my reverence and love and loyalty to the end.

And such a God, whose reasonableness and unwavering consistency and rational plan are borne out by every single scrap of

evidence Science can gather together, will assuredly not create personalities in his own image only to destroy them. Indeed, for him to destroy a human personality (even if such destruction be possible) would be a sort of murder, if not actual suicide, besides being wholly irrational.

So much, then, for certain valid reasons for believing in personal immortality; although we must not forget that these reasons do not constitute an actual *proof*. My argument is simply that, given the kind of rational, personal God I have tried to picture in the earlier chapters, we should be immensely surprised to find that human personalities were *not* immortal; for if they were not, this rational, all-knowing God, in creating them only to be destroyed, would be deliberately doing an irrational act; which again is a contradiction in terms.

If, then, as seems altogether likely and reasonable, our individual personalities,

once developed, cannot be destroyed, but live on indefinitely, even after the physical, material body perishes, what sort of an existence may they be supposed to have?

They cannot, as we have seen, be merely merged into a great Impersonal Intelligence, as a drop of water loses its identity in the ocean. An *impersonal* intelligence is a contradiction in terms; pure rationality must do more than recognize that two and two make four; it must pass judgment on that relationship of numbers, it must recognize the relationship as correct, and it must choose between believing that two and two make four and that two and two make seven. But if a mind passes judgment, if it recognizes the difference between right and wrong, good and bad, desirable and undesirable, beautiful and ugly, and chooses between these alternatives, then that mind is no longer *pure reason*, but is a personality, with a point of view, with specific interests,

likes and dislikes, an aim or goal, a preference for the good over the bad—or *vice versa.* Does the Supreme Mind, knowing in its omniscience both good and bad, *prefer* the good? Then it cannot be pure *impersonal* Reason, but is, rather, a rational Personality with a definite bias, a deliberate choice. It is more *interested* in the good and true and beautiful than in their opposites, and it will bend its conscious effort to developing the former and minimizing the latter.

Our individual personalities, then, cannot reasonably be merged in an impersonal intelligence, losing their identity. They must, therefore, either be totally annihilated—which we have seen to be irrational even if it were possible—or else they must persist as personalities, as *themselves.* You are you, and I am I, and we can never be quite the same, however steadily we may agree that two and two make four; and you

will be you, and I shall be I, forever,—or else personality has no meaning at all.

We have no right, then, to say that, because the body is destroyed, the personality that manifested itself through that body has also been destroyed. We have equally no right to believe that a personality can become merged in a greater impersonal intelligence, for that means absolutely nothing. What course, then, is left for the personality, the soul, the spirit, the ego, the *you-ness* of you and the *me-ness* of me? Nothing, save that you shall go on being you, and I shall continue to be I.

But what conceivable sort of *you-ness* and *I-ness* will that be?

There have been countless man-made pictures of Heaven and Hell, for the most part described in materialistic terms because so much of our earthly existence is

necessarily materialistic. There is the Mohammedan Heaven, for example, a place of houris, of endless feasting and drinking, of pure bodily, sensual happiness. There is the orthodox Christian Heaven, with walls of gold and streets of jasper, and multitudes of angels and saints blowing trumpets and twanging harps. But these are pictures of a grossly material Heaven, almost locatable as to latitude and longitude, at least envisaged as "up above." They are visions described in the wholly materialistic, if imaginative, phraseology of an earlier and more naïve day, the figures of speech of a people who could sincerely believe in a personal Devil, and who could quite credibly get to Heaven by crossing Jordan after they had been "washed in the blood of the Lamb." I may say for myself, quite without irreverence, that, considering the extraordinary development of our pipe-organs and symphony orchestras to-day, no

harp ever made is going to satisfy me in Heaven, because no seven-stringed instrument can ever hope to play the César Franck D-Minor Symphony as that master heard it in his mind and feebly reproduced it for the orchestra. No, it is not a material, geographical, locatable Heaven or Hell that will satisfy the modern thoughtful man or woman. What, then, will the life hereafter be like?

Let us admit that from this point on we are frankly speculating, and that no man has a right to force his belief about the world hereafter upon any other man. But it may not be amiss for me to present for consideration my own speculation, based on the reasoning of the preceding chapters. I shall indulge myself without further apology in the first person.

To begin with, I like to think that Heaven and Hell are not places, which can be located as above or below, but are merely

states of mind. I am a rational personality. I not only recognize that two and two make four, but I have, in addition to that "pure rationality," a point of view, interests, predilections, rational judgments. I disagree with the man who says that two and two make seven, or that a straight line is the longest distance between two points on a plane surface; and I like music and poetry and philosophy, whereas another man cares nothing for these, but pins his faith to "business efficiency" or to "common sense." But, at any rate, I have a rational personality; I cannot imagine any force or power that can destroy that personality, even though my brain and my whole physical mechanism are, after death, resolved into their constituent chemical elements. I am firmly convinced that my rational personality must persist, that no conceivable agency can destroy it, not even the Supreme Mind itself, which, indeed, has begotten it

as an approximate expression of itself, just as it has begotten yours. And, if I cannot be destroyed, I must continue to exist. Not in this visible, tangible, material, world, obviously; but I shall still exist somewhere.

It is idle to try to locate that "somewhere"; the space relationship is restricted to matter and to material things, but the immaterial is unlocatable. *Where* is your mind, now? The very question is absurd! Your brain is in your skull, of course, and through that brain the mind functions and manifests itself. But it is ridiculous to say that, therefore, the mind or soul or ego can be located spatially. I say that two and two make four, and my rational judgment accepts that idea, that relationship between numbers, as correct. *Where* is that idea, that relationship? You see how absurd it is to talk about locating ideas, for this numerical relationship is not above me or below me or to the north of me. *Where* is

mathematics? *When* is mathematics? Can you *locate* electricity? Clearly, an idea is not subject to the limitations of space and time.

I can close my eyes, now, and see mentally Helsingfors in Finland and its harbor; but I am several thousands of miles from Helsingfors, that is to say, my physical body is far away from it. Yet, with eyes closed and summoning my memories, *I* am in the realest sense actually in Helsingfors. Or, I can project my mind back into history and re-live events that occurred a hundred years or a thousand years ago. It must be obvious that the mind is not to be dated or located.

If, then, I continue to exist after death as a conscious, reasoning personality, it is futile to inquire *where* that existence will be, or to try to locate Heaven or Hell. But one thing is certain: if I continue to exist, I must also continue to *think;* a rational

consciousness must, primarily, *think;* it cannot conceivably remain passive or "latent" or "potential"; a mind can do nothing else than think. "A mind which does not think" simply does not mean anything whatever; and if it does think, it still passes judgment, still exercises choice, decides between good and bad, true and false; it still has a point of view, still prefers the good to the bad, the true to the false, or *vice versa.* But, in any case, so long as it is a mind, it *thinks.*

I conceive of this planet on which we live as a sort of great testing laboratory. Eons and eons ago the Supreme Mind planned the evolution of this planet, the formation of its atmosphere, the making of it into a place where organic life might dwell. Then, when the proper conditions were provided, life was created on the planet, beginning probably as a one-celled organism, and has since climbed painfully

up the countless steps from lower to higher, from simpler to more complex forms, until the human body with its brain was finally evolved. That was the great first goal, to develop a mechanism which should house a brain, through which a mind could function, exactly as the electric current functions through the physical machine called a motor.

I conceive that each human being is a new creation, a fresh expression by the Supreme Mind of itself; for that Mind, so long as it is a Mind, must keep on expressing itself. Each human being must have its own earthly experience, must acquire its own personality as it lives its life, conditioned in some degree, of course, although we know not precisely how, by heredity and environment. Once started, such a personality cannot, I believe, be destroyed. The body dies, the material brain ceases to function, and the soul can no more mani-

fest itself to those who are still "alive." But that individual soul, I believe, must still be in existence, must still be thinking, judging, choosing, liking, disliking, hoping, serving, and planning.

But it may be that in that new state it can think more clearly than ever before. We are all painfully aware how often and how annoyingly the physical body hampers us. I can close my eyes here in New York and quite really be in Rome instantly; yet to get my physical body to Rome requires time and effort and the help of boats and of trains. How vastly simpler, disembarrassed of the clogging body, just to will to be there and to find oneself there. (We are obliged, obviously, to use spatial and material terms simply because we have no other.)

Or, I wish to think very clearly as I write this chapter; yet perhaps a stupid splitting headache prevents my doing so.

How much pleasanter to be free from all such bodily annoyances, to be disembodied personalities, emancipated from the troublesome limitations of time and space.

If, then, in what is commonly called "the next world" or "the next existence" (as if there could be any real break in the continuity of a personality!), we are to be thus relieved of the hampering, clogging body, what will that existence be like, and what shall we be doing? That we shall at least be thinking, is inevitable; a mind that does not think is inconceivable. And our thinking ought to be much clearer than it is here. So much of our thinking in this world is conditioned by bodily limitations. We all know how broadening an experience it is to travel, to see how other peoples live their lives and meet their problems; until one has had that experience, one ought to distrust one's judgment on a score of points because of one's ignorance.

Remove those bodily limitations, leave the rational personality free to think unhampered, equipped still with all its memories, its likes and dislikes, all that makes it a personality; and what must be the certain result? Surely a great gain in clarity of thinking, first of all; a readjustment of one's sense of proper values, a more correct perspective, a sounder judgment, a definite preference for what is good and right over what is bad and wrong.

And such a disembodied mind must fulfil the first need of any mind; it must express itself; it cannot conceivably remain merely "passive" or "latent" or "potential." It is not unreasonable to suppose that such a mind or personality, freed from the cramping limitations of the physical body, emancipated from the difficult task of "making a living,"—a task which, as our social communities in this world are organized, too often forces an individual to spend

a lifetime at work which he hates,—would express itself at its best in the things which interest it most. Why should not the man who is a born farmer, who loves the out-door life and the making of plants to grow, but who has unwillingly spent fifty years at a bookkeeper's desk, find opportunity in the next existence to express his real and hitherto unexpressed self? I am not going to enter here into a profitless discussion as to the possible existence of heavenly turnip-fields where such a man can guide a celestial plow! For myself, I hope in the next world to paint fine pictures and to compose great music—two forms of self-expression which profoundly interest me now, but at both of which I am hopelessly incompetent. I am not troubled by any speculation as to whether I shall have to learn to use immaterial oil paints and bristle brushes, canvas, and palette, nor yet as to whether I shall have to master the manipulation of

a celestial pipe-organ. Those problems will be solved all in good time and I need not worry about them here. In this world it is chiefly my bodily limitations that prevent me from painting and composing. Remove those limitations, let my personality, with its profound but hitherto thwarted interest in these arts, survive my bodily death, and surely it is not unlikely or unreasonable that this strong yearning of mine will find some satisfying means of expressing itself. What that means will be, I do not trouble even to guess. But I think it a not irrational conjecture that my newly-freed personality, bound, by the first law of its existence, to express itself, will find a means provided.

We know from our own earthly experience that an idea can exist without needing any material medium for its expression. The architect, for example, commissioned to build a cathedral, has the plan fairly

complete "in his mind's eye" long before any sketch is set down on paper. A Beethoven literally "hears" his new symphony before a note is written, long before it has been expressed through any material medium, such as a written score or a piano. *Where* is this cathedral, *where* is this symphony, before it has been expressed? Does it not have a perfectly real existence in the *mind* of its creator, is it not just as real a cathedral as when it is expressed in stone, just as real a symphony as it is later when an orchestra plays it? As I walk down the street, I can *hear* in my mind Tschaikowsky's First Piano Concerto from start to finish, although it is a purely immaterial and utterly soundless rendering. In my "mind's eye" I can *see* St. Peter's in Rome with intense vividness and reality, although I am actually sitting in my office in New York. If, then, even while limited by my body here, I can yet in so great measure

transcend its limitations, what freedom of self-expression shall I not have when I am completely disembarrassed of that body?

The next world is, therefore, to me a condition or a state where my personality persists, retains its identity and individuality, its memories, its tastes; above all things *thinks,* and expresses itself with few if any limitations in the fields in which its chief interests lie. What forms that self-expression will take I do not pretend to know. I know only that it is, to me, irrational to imagine that such a disembodied personality does *not* think and express its thoughts.

I prefer not to indulge here in any further speculation as to how that "next existence" is ordered, because it would be only conjecture, and my guess is no better than any other man's. How families separated by death shall be joined once more; what will be the status of a man's second

and third wives; the problem of the "spiritual cigars" and "spiritual bricks" mentioned by Sir Oliver Lodge's son, Raymond; the flower gardens and children's nurseries that some mediums have reported; these and a hundred other such problems I shall leave untouched, for the very good reason that I *know* nothing certainly about them. What I feel that I do know is that my ego shall continue to exist (chiefly because to destroy it would be irrational, and also because I cannot even imagine any method of destroying it); that, being a thinking, rational mind, it will continue to think and of necessity to express itself; and finally, that that thinking and that inevitable self-expression will not be hampered and trammeled by a clumsy physical body as they are here.

# CHAPTER XI

## TWO IMPORTANT QUESTIONS

UP to the end of the last chapters, I have sedulously avoided all controversial subjects in the fields of theology, dogma, creed; all questions of difference between sects and denominations within—and without!—Christianity. (For there are, as well, endless and often bloody disputes among the various sects of Buddhism, of Mohammedanism, of Christian Science, of Judaism, even of Mormonism.)

I have bent my argument so far towards an attempt to prove that, back of this bewildering, this baffling, universe, there is yet a logical, rational, personal Mind, in which we can all believe, be we Jews,

Christians, Arabs, Buddhists, Taoists, or what not.

Yet we so-called "Christian" peoples have been brought up, despite all our denominational differences, to believe in an all-wise, all-knowing, loving God. And as we struggle painfully through life, we find ourselves inevitably raising certain very difficult and very significant questions about that "loving God." With several of these questions, the most commonly raised, I should now like to deal, necessarily very briefly, and to give my own answers in the light of the "world view" which, on a basis of sheer logic, I have tried to outline in the preceding chapters. And, again, I cannot assert too strongly that these are merely my own answers; that I have no least desire to cram them down the throat of any other human being.

One of the first of these questions is: *Does God deliberately send trouble upon mankind?*

There are various answers. "Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth," is one. We think at once of the awful temptation of Abraham, bidden by Jehovah to sacrifice his beloved son on the altar; of Job, who yet in his extremity of torture replied, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him. I *know* that my Redeemer liveth."

But Abraham and Job are faint, far-off figures to us "modern," English-speaking peoples. Let us come down to concrete instances in our own day.

My own parents' beloved little son contracted "spinal meningitis" about 1880. Little was known in those days of germs, serums, or antitoxins. The innocent six-year-old lad died, in hideous and anguished convulsions, in my mother's arms. And what was the spiritual comfort from her

"Pastor"? "You must have committed some grave crime, you have some hidden sin on your conscience; and the righteous, good, and loving God has sent this sorrow upon you as your just punishment. Let us pray for the redemption of your sin in the saving Blood of the Lamb." That is pretty scant comfort to a mother mourning over the convulsive and painful death of her baby! Can any one wonder that she rebelled?

Another mother, only a short time ago in New York City, saw her small daughter crowded over the subway platform before an entering train and ground into a shapeless and unrecognizable mass before her eyes. Who is to comfort her by saying: "This is a universe ruled wholly by soulless, impersonal mechanism; the child, ignorantly or deliberately, interfered with the mechanism; the machine ground on its inevitable way; the child is dead; you must

simply put it down to bad luck; you must grin and bear it"? Or, again, who shall assuage her grief by asserting pontifically: "You or her father have committed some grave sin; and therefore God—remember that he is a just, righteous, merciful, loving God—has slain your child, as your penalty."

My own answer is all that I have a right to give. I do not pretend to understand all of God's great plan for the universe, or for humanity. I do not yet know all the vast meteorological phenomena back of the tragic and devastating Mississippi flood. I do not yet know the insidious germ which afflicts so many innocent and helpless children with "spinal meningitis." I do not *know* why a good and benevolent God should permit all the ills and evils, all the sin and suffering and pain, which we see everywhere about us.

But I believe I do know that God is a

Rational Personality, working out a great and good plan; I believe that he has conceived of and organized this universe to work, by Law, towards that end; I believe that, since he *is* Rationality, these Laws are the fundamental expressions of himself,—they *are* himself,—and they must go on functioning, or he will cease to have any rational meaning whatever.

But that God deliberately inoculated my mother's little son with a germ that caused his untimely death; that God started the horrible World War; that God intentionally knocked the little girl off the subway platform—none of this can I for a moment accept.

You know how a trip-hammer works; you know the laws of force, of mechanics, that make it function; you know how it is *intelligently* used, to further our industrial development. But if, knowing all this, you deliberately put your hand under that trip-

hammer and your hand is smashed,—*why blame God?* Or if, knowing nothing of all this, as a child would know nothing, you still, in the merest idle curiosity, perhaps, put your hand under the hammer, "just to see what will happen," and the hand is smashed,—again, *why blame God?*

God did not "send the trouble" on you, in either case. God may, for aught I know, be sorry for you; just as I may be sorry for the millions of red blood-corpuscles I destroy when I sit up three days and nights running to complete a piece of work which I believe to be of value to humanity. The corpuscles simply do not understand this wholesale slaughter; they whine and complain, and cry aloud that the great Directing Mind whom they obey can be only cruel and ruthless, not benevolent and loving. But they do not see the great and good end I have in view, which, to me, with my wider knowledge, justifies their

widespread destruction, in order that the Law may function, that the Mind may achieve its ultimate good purpose.

And so, although the Mind Behind the Universe, being a Personality, with likes and dislikes, tastes, choices, a point-of-view, a good purpose, may be very sorry for the child accidentally thrust under the subway train, yet, to that Mind, the Law and the Purpose are of paramount importance and must far outweigh the significance of any individual human life. Mind you, I do *not* say, any individual *soul!*



And this brings me to the second of the questions so commonly asked: *What is the use of prayer?*

We are human, we are limited, finite, conceited. We rebel, we rave against trouble and suffering and disaster. Each of us thinks his own family, his own business,

his own purpose in life, so preeminently important, so patently useful, that he feels no trouble ought to come upon him; he cannot believe that his talented, hopeful, first-born son of twenty should be stricken with a mortal illness. It may happen to other families, of course—"Sorry, I sympathize with you so deeply, and am sending you a funeral wreath"—but it rarely enters our minds that it may happen to us!

And then the blow suddenly falls. The adored wife and mother lies on her death-bed; the eldest son is stricken with insanity; the beloved father is suffering untold agonies with incurable cancer. The doctors have resigned all hope. Mortal man can do no more. And you watch your nearest and dearest pass through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. And you can do—*nothing!*

Many persons, in these circumstances, *pray.*

But is that not, after all, a foolish and a futile thing to do? You may, because of the teachings of your childhood or because of what you have heard some minister or priest say, believe that it can do no harm. But that is the slenderest of comfort.

Have I a *rational* right to pray that my beloved mother, lying on a bed of pain and nigh unto death, may be healed of what the doctors call "an incurable disease"? May I *reasonably* ask my Pastor and my church congregation to "pray" for her recovery? Are we ever justified in praying for rain? During the World War, the Allies constantly prayed to God to grant them the victory, because their cause was righteous; and the Germans were as constantly praying, presumably to the same God, to grant them the victory, because *their* cause was righteous. A strange quandary for God! Was the prayer of either group a rational act?

I believe, of course, that I have at least the *right* to pray. But what valid *reason* can lie behind my act of prayer?

My mother's illness is doubtless due to some violation of the Laws that govern this so-called "physical" universe; these Laws represent the very thoughts of that Mind Behind the Universe,—they *are* that Mind; and I can scarcely expect a vast and carefully planned universe to be disrupted, to violate its own Laws, in order to gratify my puny whim.

But these Laws always interact, which is why this mighty universe works so smoothly and without friction. It is a very common —and a very foolish—saying, that, "if the pendulum swings so far, it must, of course swing back." Not at all! I can open the door of my grandfather clock, allow the pendulum to swing to the extreme right, and then hold my hand firmly against it. It *cannot* swing back, because an intelligent

being, who understands something of the laws governing the physical universe, has brought into operation another force, which, while it is sufficiently strong to counteract the first force, does by no means destroy that first force. It is merely that the first force cannot now function at that spot, because the right conditions for its functioning no longer exist there. My rational mind, which knows something of these laws, aided by the physical force which I can initiate, can deliberately and consciously interpose at this point a stronger force, can bring into operation another law. And, *I stop the pendulum.*

I have not *destroyed* Law; I have not *violated* Law; I have not disrupted a rational universe. No, I have merely brought into play my rationality; I have invoked another Law; I have interposed another force greater and stronger than that actu-

ating the mindless pendulum. And the pendulum stops.

If, therefore, my mother lies dying and I put myself into personal and direct communication with that Mind Behind the Universe (of whom I am an expression, thinking by the same rational principles of thinking that *are* that Mind),—and I "pray"; if I cry in grief and agony, "Oh, Thou Great Mind, Thou Ultimate Reason, Oh, God, save unto me my beloved mother!"—at least I am not doing an irrational act. I am but appealing to a Mind which is perfectly able, if it sees fit, to invoke another law, to interpose another force, and to cure my mother.

That Supreme Mind may see fit, in its infinitely greater wisdom, not to grant my prayer. It will know definitely whether or not her cure would be wise either for her, or for me, or for humanity at large, or for the Great Universal Purpose. But that is

for the Mind Behind the Universe to determine, not for me. The point I wish to drive home is that my plea, my "prayer," is a perfectly rational procedure. There is nothing silly or futile or foolish about prayer, if it is made in the right spirit.

A child often asks its father for something which the child craves with the greatest intensity. But the child is young, ignorant, inexperienced, and knows only its great want. The father, on the other hand, wise and loving and prudent and desiring the best for his child, sees that, while the granting of the request would afford the child a momentary pleasure, the consequences later would be disastrous; and he refuses. The child is bitterly disappointed, which hurts the father, of course; but he must nevertheless stick to his wise decision.

Yet it is one of the incomparable glories of parenthood to feel the dependence of your children upon you, to know that they

look up to you for all comfort, kindness, gifts, blessings, love, sympathy, understanding. The true parent *wants* his children to ask him for things, even though in certain cases he cannot reasonably grant them. May not the great Mind Behind the Universe likewise yearn to have us,—his children, his highest expression of himself as God the Father,—ask him for what we want, or think we want? May he not really wish us to put ourselves into communion with him, to prefer our requests to him, even though he may not find it expedient to grant all those requests?

So, my act of prayer is not an irrational act. But, I must be content to leave the decision with the all-knowing Mind Behind the Universe, trusting, by no means illogically or irrationally, in its superior wisdom to make the right decision. I must be willing to say quite honestly and sincerely, with Jesus, "Not my will, but thine, be done."

## CHAPTER XII

### IS CHRISTIANITY THE BEST RELIGION?

ONE more question of great significance is frequently raised: *Is Christianity the best religion to date? Is it the ultimate religion for all men?*

Those who ask the question are usually persons who know nothing beyond their own peculiar brand of Christianity; and so, before I can approach the problem, I must, Yankee-fashion, raise two other questions.

First, what is commonly meant by the term *Christianity?* Long ago Lessing pointed out that there is all the difference in the world between *Christianity* and the *Religion of Christ.* And Lessing was quite right in his day, as we are quite right in this century, to say that "Christianity has

been tried for nearly two thousand years and has been found to be rather a miserable failure; whereas the Religion of Christ has never been given a chance." Christianity has concerned itself for hundreds and hundreds of years with founding a Church, although there is the very scantiest evidence that Jesus ever intended to sponsor a "Church"; Christianity has busied itself for centuries in teaching the doctrines of the Immaculate Conception, the Virgin Birth, the Miracles, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection, the Atonement, the Presence of the True Body of Christ in the Eucharist, the Apostolic Succession, Conviction of Sin, Salvation, Election, Reprobation, Damnation, and all the other "isms" from St. Paul and Augustine to the present day.

And it is surely a strange phenomenon that the Virgin Birth, a belief in which is so strongly insisted upon by a large part of the Christian Church as essential to salva-

tion, should never have been mentioned or alluded to by Jesus. If it had been as important as we are taught that it is, surely He would have made at least a passing, casual reference to it!

Martin Luther emancipated the thinking world of his day from the autocratic authority of the dissolute Popes of Rome; but he substituted for it the equally autocratic authority of the Bible, proclaiming it to be inspired of God in its every syllable.

How many of us to-day read that Bible intelligently? How many of us know—not what St. Paul *said* Jesus *meant* to say—but what Jesus actually *did* say? How many of us, putting on one side for the moment traditional and inherited "Christianity," can give a clear résumé of precisely what Jesus taught? Was Jesus a Republican or a Democrat, a Whig or a Tory? Was he a red Revolutionist, or a meek and lowly Pacifist? Would he have sided in the late

World War with the Allies or with the Germans? Was he a meek lamb, led uncomplainingly to the slaughter, or was he a person with high ideals, with a great vision, with an indomitable faith, with a burning missionary zeal, with a dauntless courage? He came, he said, "to give life, and to give it more abundantly." At any rate, he made the ultimate sacrifice: "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends." No one can call him a coward; no one can maintain that he did not follow his belief to the bitterest of ends.

The so-called "Christian" Church has carefully hidden most of this through the centuries. The Church—Roman, Greek, Protestant—is a great and venerable institution, a vast hierarchy, that assumes to take charge of puny mortal man through birth, christening, confirmation, marriage, death, and to consign him finally either to Heaven or to Hell.

But the Christian Church, in all its branches, is, after all, an institution, a man-made organization; if it is to survive, it must have financial means; it must use "filthy lucre"; it must function much as the Guaranty Trust or the Standard Oil Company functions. If it builds churches, some one must pay for those churches; if it sends out missionaries, some one must pay their salaries; if Bishop Manning of the Episcopal Church wishes to erect the splendid Cathedral of Saint John the Divine in New York City, he must have millions of money, he must have faith, and belief, and architects, and masons, and contractors, in order to realize that dream.

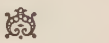
And, again, the Christian Church, being an institution and an organism, is subject inevitably to the same laws that govern all other organisms, the laws of growth and of adaptation. All the varied history of the development of life on this planet teaches

one clear and unmistakable lesson: the organism which does not adapt itself to its environment, *dies.* If it does not grow, if it does not progress, if it does not adapt itself, if it refuses to fit itself into a constantly changing environment, *it perishes.* And if it has not within itself the seeds of progress, of development, of adaptation, then is it but a thing already dead and useless, an interesting fossil, perhaps, but nothing of any significance in a world where life is ever pressing steadily forward.

Let me interrupt the argument here to make one suggestion—remembering that we are facing a fundamental problem: *Is Christianity the best of all possible religions to date?*

The Mohammedans, our brothers in the sight of God, if we are to believe Jesus, raise great and glorious mosques to Allah; but you would not contribute one penny towards these elaborate structures. The

Buddhist Lamas in Thibet decorate their countless altars to "The Pure One" with costly jewels; but while a Rockefeller—a professed Baptist and Protestant—will give a half-million dollars towards the restoration of the (Catholic) Rheims Cathedral, will he give the same sum to beautify a Buddhist or a Mohammedan shrine, however sacred it may be in the eyes of its devotees?



The other question I wish to raise is this: Who has a right to say that Christianity—or any other religion—is the best possible religion to date, that it is the ultimate truth, to which all men must eventually come?

Suppose you tell me, for example, that Detroit is the most beautiful city in all the United States, and then I find, on questioning you, that you have lived all your life

in Detroit and have never been outside it, what weight may I give to your judgment? What basis have you for making any valid comparison? What right have you to an opinion on the subject?

If you assert to me that golf is the best game in all the world, and I discover, on questioning you, that it is the only game you know, that you have never played football or baseball or tennis or bridge or chess, how shall I respect your judgment? You are merely ignorant, uninformed; you have simply no right to an opinion on the point at all.

In precisely the same way, if you assert to me that, of course, Christianity is the best of all possible religions, I am bound to ask you what you know about other religions. We are too prone to call this a "Christian" world, too apt to forget that, approximately, there are eight Buddhists to every "professing Christian," and four

Mohammedans. That is to say, these two religions alone, excluding all the others, outnumber the "Christians" twelve to one! May we fairly call this a "Christian world"?

And, too, this relatively small body of "Christians" is split up into almost innumerable sects and denominations, each of which is thoroughly convinced that it has "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." The Baptist is quite certain that only complete immersion is valid for a veritable "baptism"; the Presbyterian is equally assured that sprinkling or the "laying on of hands" will suffice for salvation; the Congregationalist pins his faith to a form of Church government altogether different from that of the devout Episcopalian.

What is the good of all this warring among factions? Each one is as ignorant and as biased as the other. Is there not

something upon which we can all get together? Plato, very wisely and reasonably, remarked that, in the end, the Truth will be the same for all rational persons. Is there some Truth about religion on which we can all—Jew, Mohammedan, Buddhist, Christian of whatever sect or denomination—agree?

I believe that there is such a Truth; and I have tried earnestly to set it forth in the preceding chapters of this book. And it turns out to be the Truth taught by Jesus, unknown as yet to many so-called "heathen" peoples, and—melancholy fact!—carefully hidden for many centuries by the "Christian" Church.

For, any one who will read the Gospels thoughtfully, any one who will give some careful study to the period in which Jesus lived and taught, is bound to be convinced that Jesus preached not only the Fatherhood of a loving God, not alone the

Brotherhood of Man, but, as a necessary corollary to these principles, the most thoroughgoing Communism. He was no mealy-mouthed curate, handing muffins at tea. He was no "gentle Jesus, meek and mild." He was no amiable and ineffectual social service worker. Rather, he was the reddest of the Reds, a Communist, a Bolshevik, a red-flag-waving reformer. He was all the dread and direful things our "modern" world so fears and ignorantly distrusts. He was utterly and uncompromisingly opposed to the "vested interests." He thoroughly despised the clogging conventions and inherited traditions of the past. He said, quite plainly, "let the dead bury its dead." He told the smug and self-satisfied Pharisees—if I may use the current vernacular—exactly "where to get off." He put the Doctors of the Law to the right-about. He spake "as never man spake," and "as one having authority." He displayed no faint-

est interest in the Immaculate Conception, in the Virgin Birth, in the value of candles on the altar (he never mentions an altar, by the way!), in Transubstantiation or Proantetransubstantiation, in Infant Damnation or Infant Baptism, Immersion or Sprinkling, the "Elect" and the "Damned."

No, he was here to do "his Father's business," and that business was, to show that back of this Universe, expressing himself through this Universe, is a Supreme Mind, a Rationality, a Personality, a loving Father. "Consider the lilies, how they grow," he said; "not a sparrow falleth, but the Father knoweth it"; "he hath numbered the hairs of your head." And this loving Father has created this world as the arena wherein we brother human beings—all sons of the same Father—struggle and strive, love and hate, think or are content to be ignorant. He came to teach us, by virtue of his clear, spiritual vision, what

Lao-tse had tried so hard to say, what Buddha had faintly outlined, what Socrates had almost perfectly expressed; but what it was left for Jesus to say with utter simplicity and clarity and truth. And it remains for us to study that truth patiently, to strive earnestly to understand it—and to put it into practise. That is a man's job!

And so I return to my first question: *Is the Religion of Christ*—not *Christianity*—*the best religion to date, and is it the ultimate religion for all mankind?* And I answer the question by affirming my unshakable conviction that "Christianity" is a miserable failure, but that the simple, straightforward, clear words of Jesus of Nazareth are the final answer to us human beings who, for so many ages, have been seeking God, if haply we might find him.

Brothers, we are, says he; Sons of God, we are, says he; co-workers with the loving, fatherly Mind Behind the Universe;

equal, we all are, says he, in the sight of God the Father; partners, we are, says he, in a great and soul-stirring emprise. And we shall not attain unto our high goal by stressing class distinctions; we shall not attain it by distinguishing between Lords and commoners in England; we shall not attain it by keeping up the caste system in India; we shall not attain it by having million-dollar babies on Fifth Avenue and blind morons on the lower East Side. We shall never come to it by idle debate over the relative merits of Origen as against St. Augustine, over the claims of the Greek Church as against the Church of Rome, over the righteousness of the Baptist as set over against the righteousness of the Presbyterian or of the Unitarian.

Yes, I believe firmly and unshakably, that the simple teaching of Jesus—*not* what is called "Christianity"—is the best religion to date. I believe that those of us who pro-

fess to have some understanding of it have a right to carry this Gospel, this "glad news," to all men.

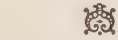
I believe that we can reconcile this teaching with all the other great world religions; I believe that the historical person we call "Jesus" has seen deeper and further and more understandingly into the problems of mankind than any other person who has ever lived on this earth.

And I believe, finally, that I have a right to speak to this point, because I have spent over twenty years in carefully studying all the great religions of the world. I am not asserting that Detroit is the most beautiful city in the world—without having ever been outside of Detroit. I have seen Cairo and Athens, Constantinople and Buda-Pesth, Paris and London, Stockholm and Edinburgh, Venice and Rome, Vienna and Munich, and New York.

And, just so, am I justified in saying that

I believe the teachings of Jesus to be the ultimate religion; because I have read and studied the writings and teachings of Lao-tse, of Confucius, of Buddha, of the Vedic Hymns, of Socrates, of Lucretius and of Seneca, of the early Church Fathers, of Savonarola, of Erasmus, of Luther, of Sir Thomas More, of Thomas à Kempis, of Wakefield, Jonathan Edwards, Cotton Mather, John Knox, Dwight Moody, and all the rest. Therefore, I conceive that I have a right to an opinion,—although I would not force that opinion upon another living soul.

And that opinion is that Jesus, called "the Christ," you may believe him God or man, as you like, human or Divine, has set before us "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."



## SUMMARY

And so, having begun this long process of reasoning on a basis of demonstrable fact, and carried it on step by step with the aid of logic alone, I come to the end of the journey only to find that I must rely upon Faith at the last. But it is a reasonable faith, and not mere gullibility. It does not depend on the dogmatic assertions of anybody; it pays no attention to dogma or creed or doctrine or theology; it is a faith, I believe, which any rational person can accept, be he Catholic or Protestant, Mohammedan, Buddhist, or Jew. It is a faith built upon a solid foundation of known facts of our universal experience, facts which lead us to a conviction that there *is* a personal God, who sustains this vast universe, who is omniscient, who is aiming at

a great and good goal, who has created us as partly finite and partly infinite expressions of his own Infinite Intelligence, and who will not and cannot destroy these images of himself, but means them to go on indefinitely, each working out its own salvation both here and hereafter towards the consummation, in cooperation with him, of the great and good purpose he has in mind.

For me, therefore (*and I have a right to speak only for myself here*), the Virgin Birth, the Immaculate Conception, the miracles of the Bible, the Resurrection, the countless man-made dogmas and doctrines such as Election and Reprobation, the material Heaven and Hell; all these sink into insignificance before this vision of a Supreme Mind, a personal God, who is working out a vast and good plan in which we are privileged to cooperate. That is surely a man's job. And when we shall see eye to

eye, all of us, and forget our petty differences in universal cooperation, "Democracy" will have a real meaning, the Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God will become something more than mere phrases, and the Kingdom of Heaven will be very nigh at hand.

THE END

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